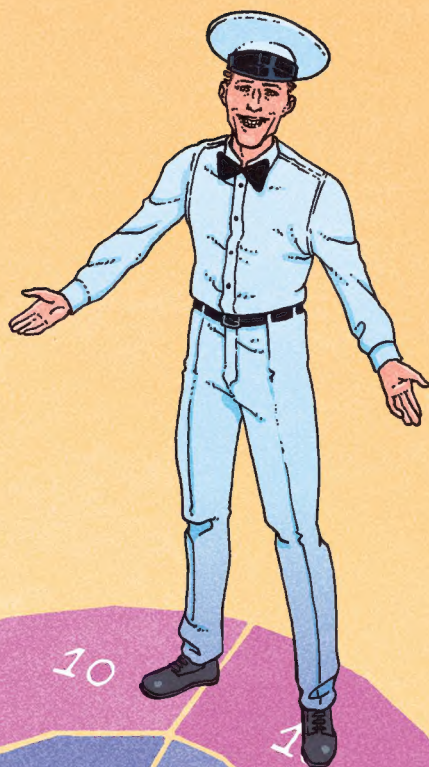


Ice Cream Man™



W. Maxwell Prince

Martín Morazzo

Chris O'Halloran

volume three

Paste Magazine's
25 Best Comic Books of 2018





VOLUME THREE

• HOPSCOTCH MÉLANGE •

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"If men and women began to live their ephemeral dreams, every phantom would become a person with whom to begin a story of pursuits, pretenses, misunderstandings, clashes, oppressions, and the carousel of fantasies would stop."

—**Italo Calvino**, *Invisible Cities*

Which way should we go?
Email wmaxwellprince@gmail.com

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Western Story

Chapter Nine



Longer ago than there are numbers to express...

See this world; it is
not your own.

Primitive place.
Dry.

Riddled with creosote, with
chaparral, with old bones of
fauna and flora long since
erased from this magicked,
crossways vale.

Odd animal—

Prototypical spider-thing,
in later times called
arachnid.

See this creature;
it is *imperiled*.
(As are we all.)

FIP!

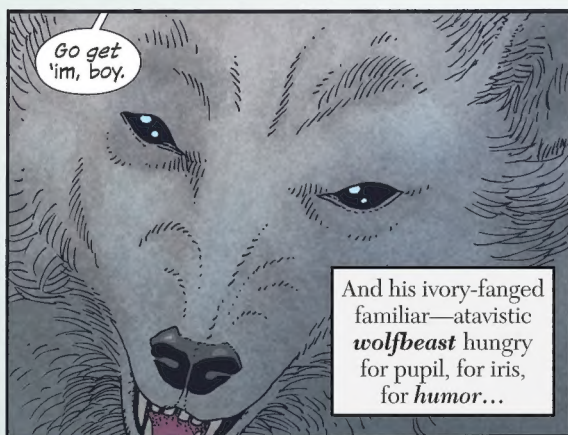
Dangit.
Alright,
then...

See **him**: dark-clad
godman, head full of
lightning. (In lightning
there's "light.")



Go get
'im, boy.

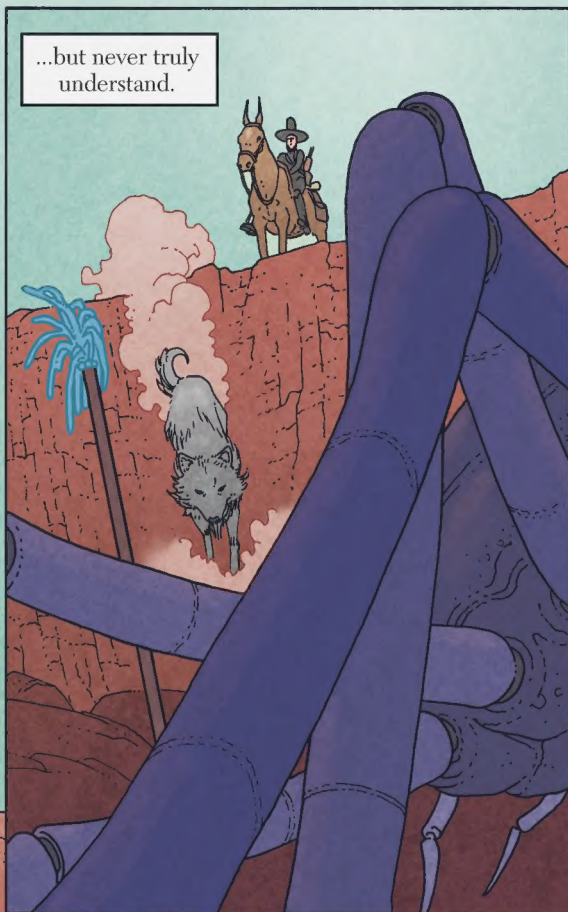
And his ivory-fanged
familiar—**atavistic
wolfbeast** hungry
for pupil, for iris,
for **humor**...

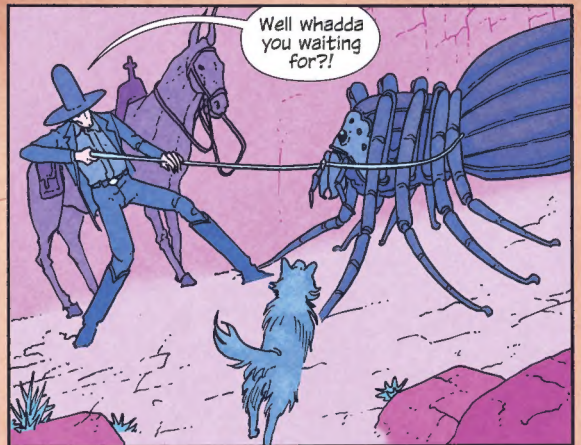
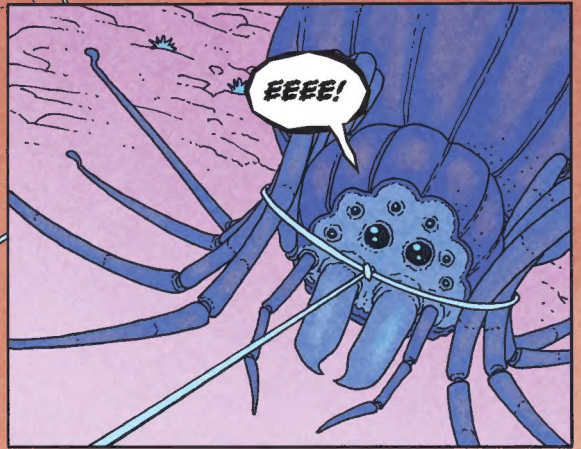
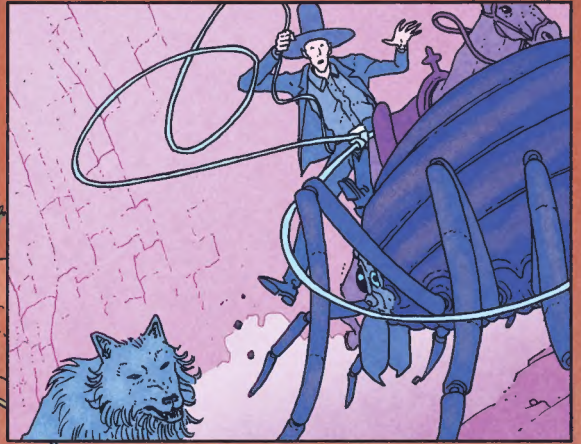
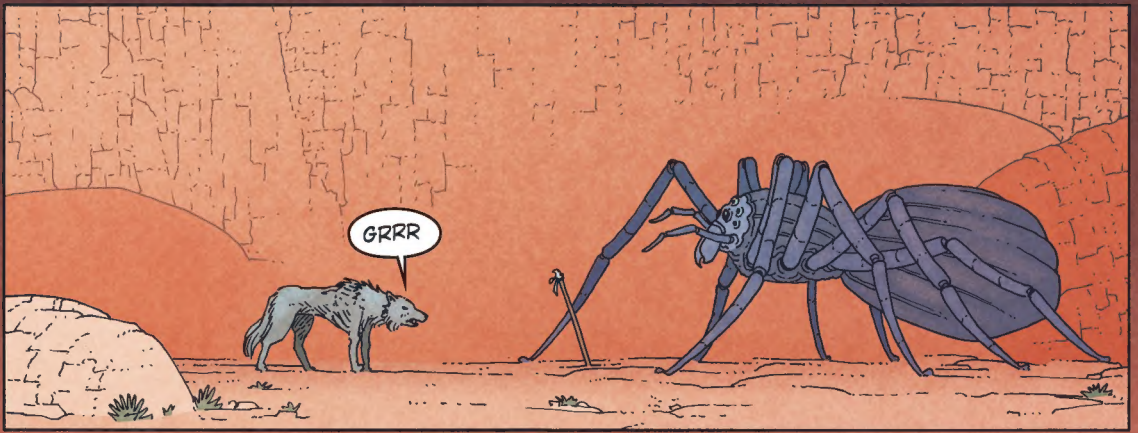


See them...



...but never truly
understand.

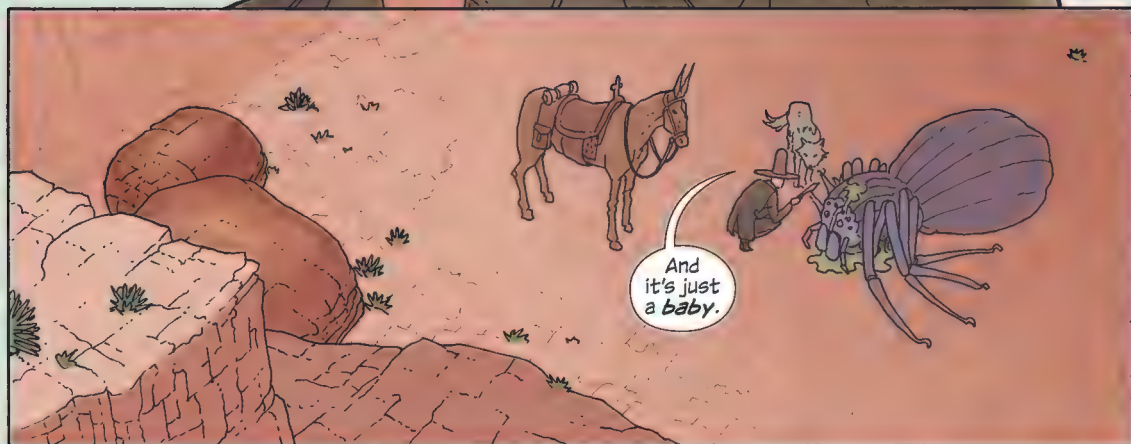




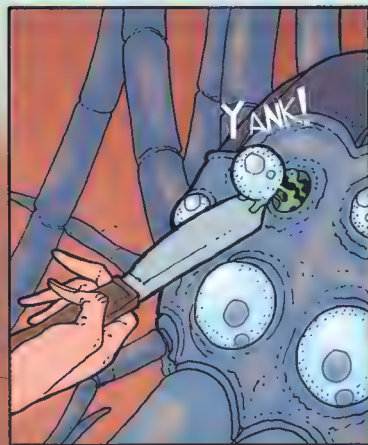




Golly.
Thisun's the
biggest yet.



And
it's just
a *baby*.

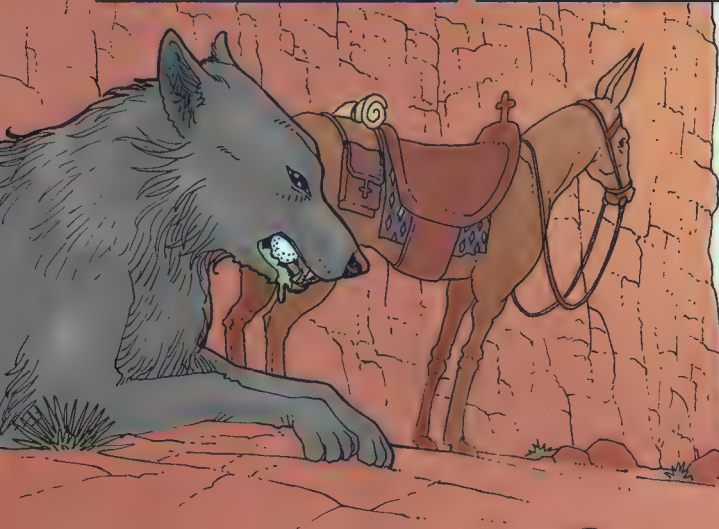


Treat?

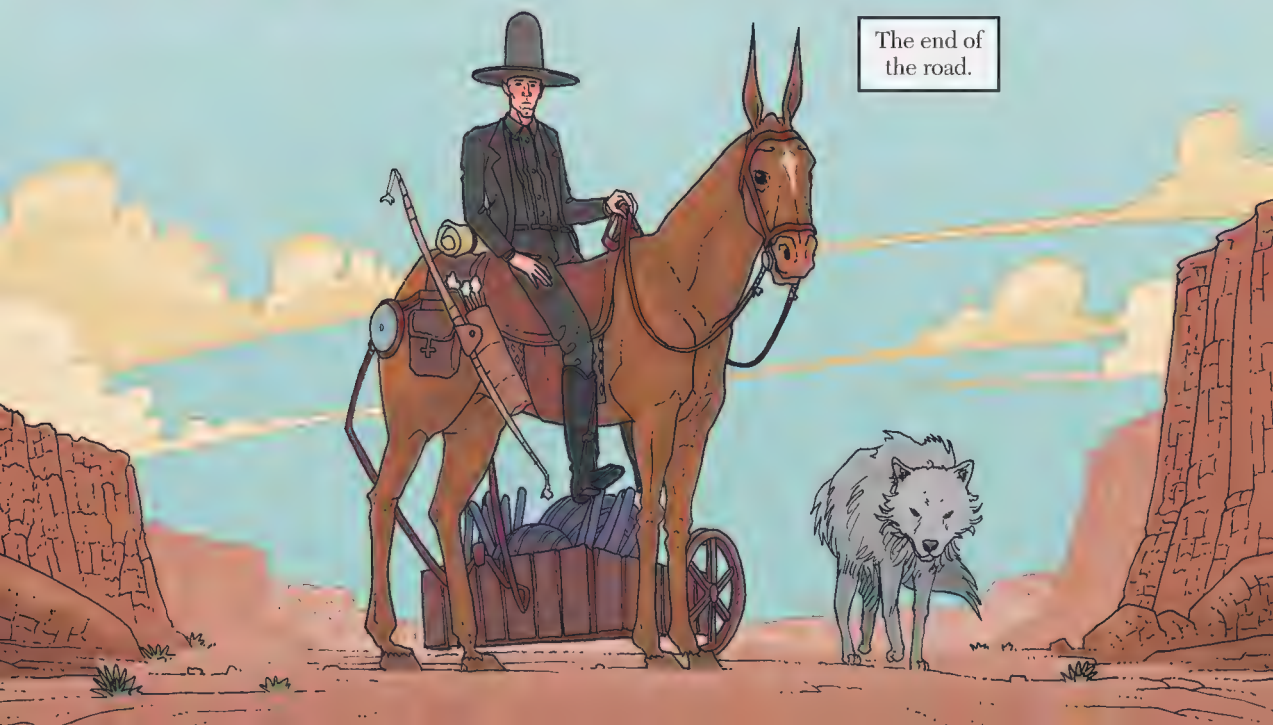
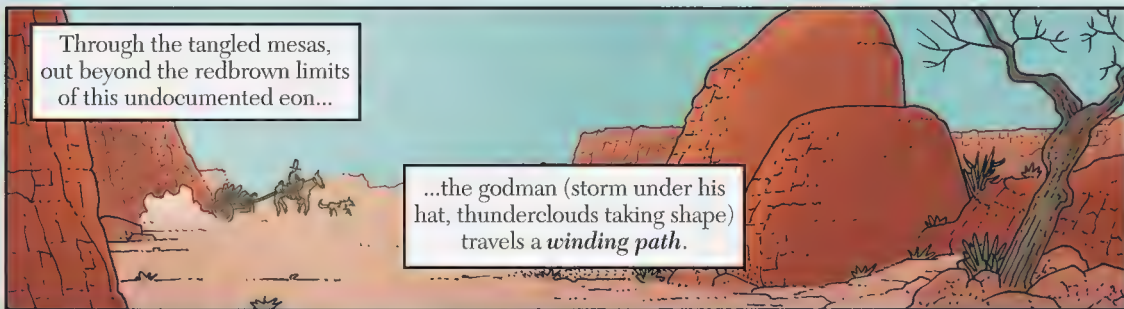
WOOF

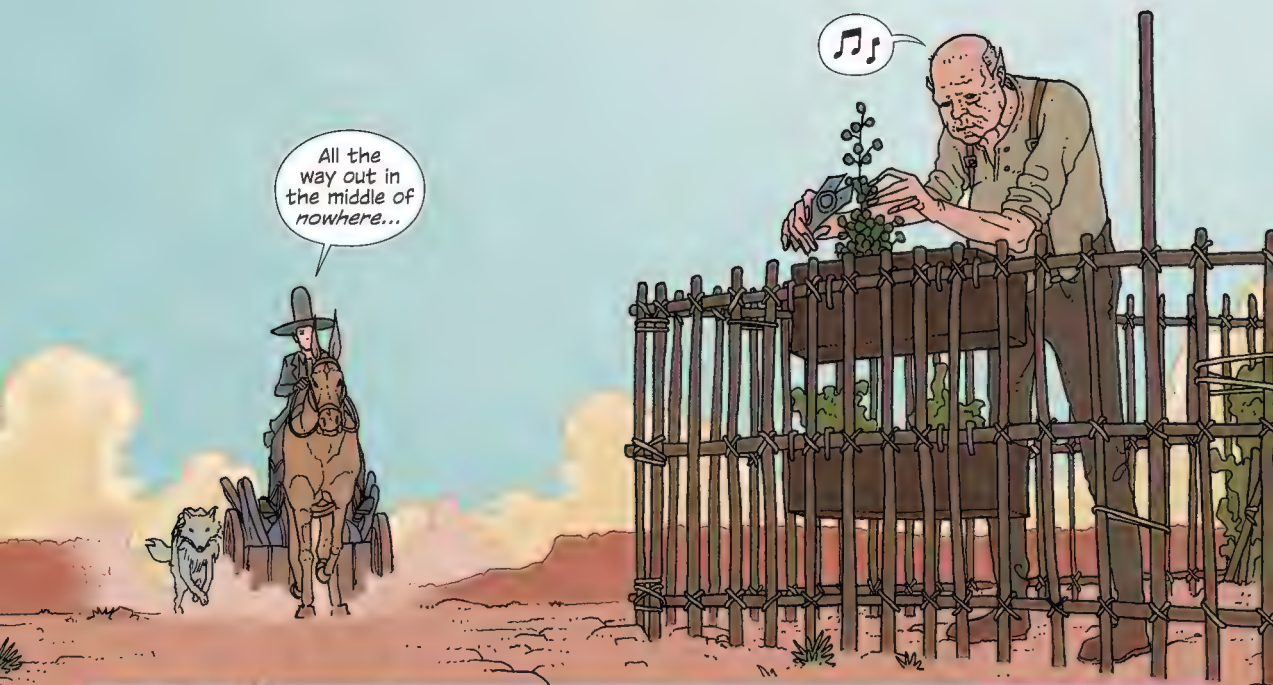


Eat
quick...



Old Man's
waiting on
us.





All the way out in the middle of nowhere...

♪



Sure ain't easy to get to you, Old Man.

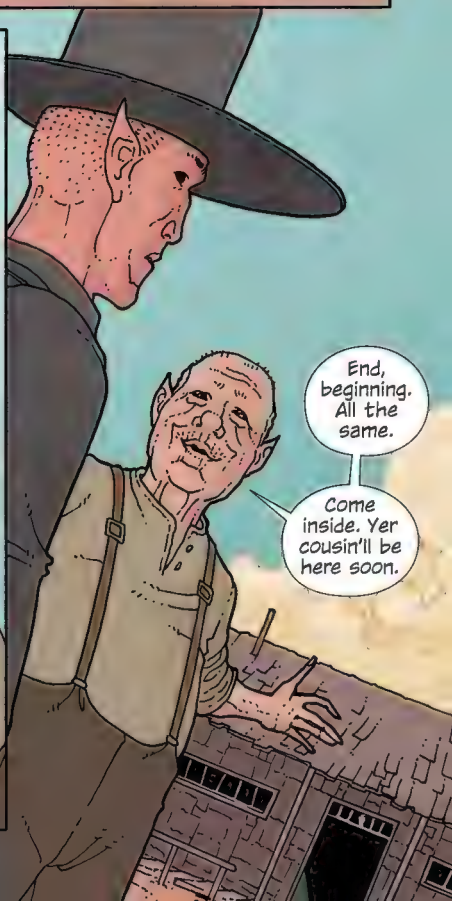


And yet here you are, like it's nothin' at all.

It's good to see you, nephew. Here at the end of things.



End?



End, beginning. All the same.

Come inside. Yer cousin'll be here soon.



Nice size quarry you got in that wagon.

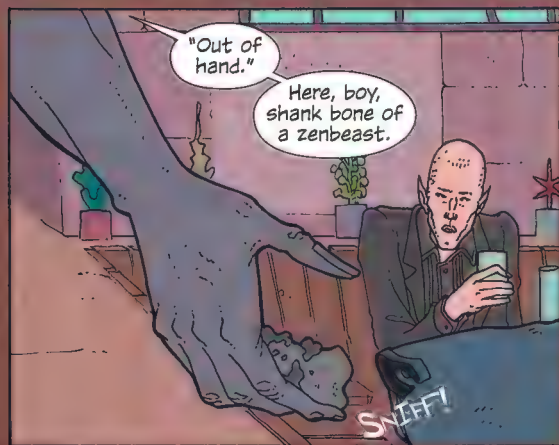


Don't believe I've seen bigger.

That's cause you ain't.



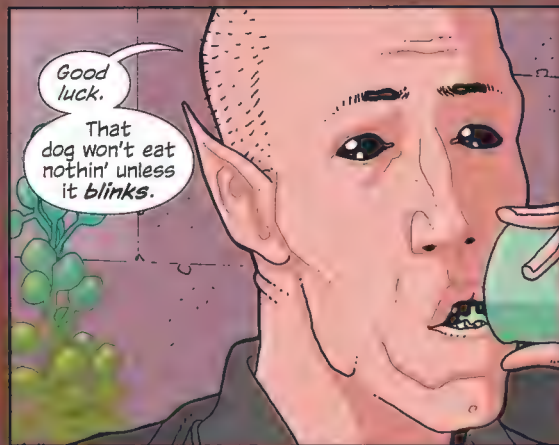
He's getting out of hand, uncle.



"Out of hand."

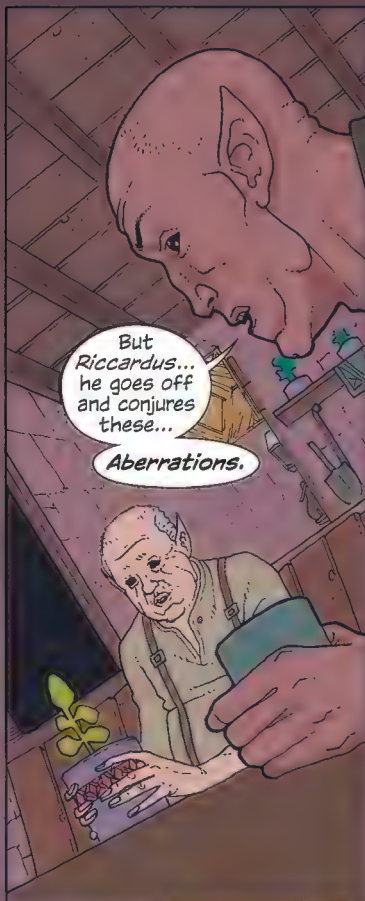
Here, boy, shank bone of a zenbeast.

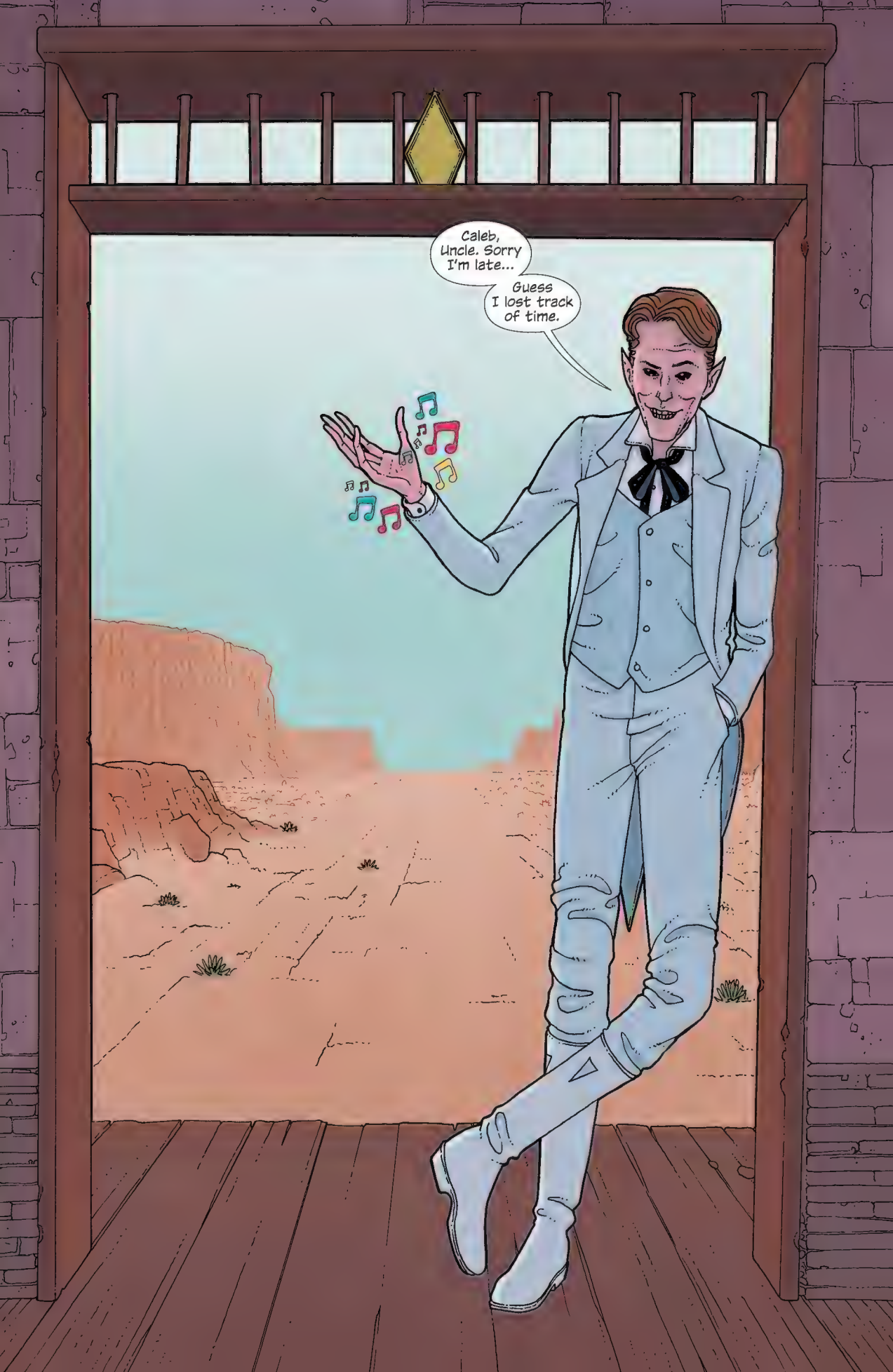
SNIFF!



Good luck.

That dog won't eat nothin' unless it blinks.





Caleb,
Uncle. Sorry
I'm late...

Guess
I lost track
of time.

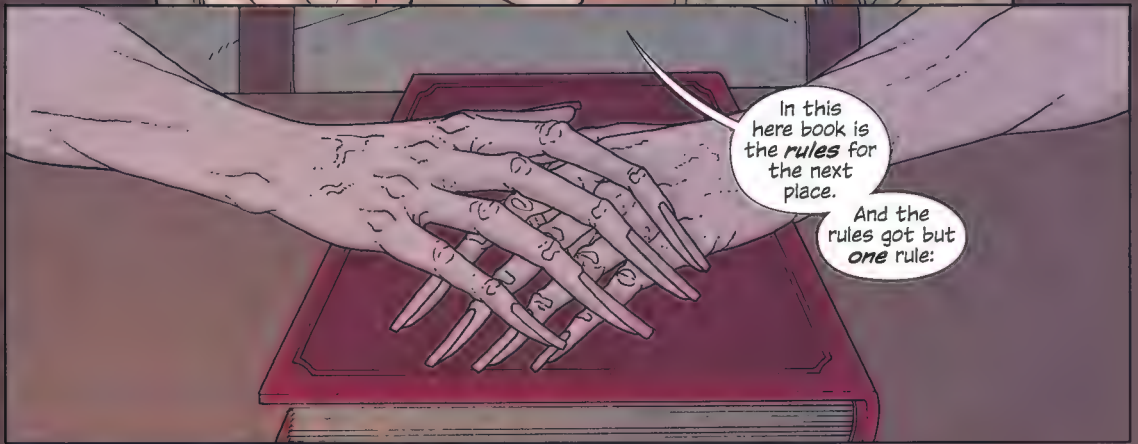






What
you like ain't
important,
kid.

Time's
up and the
two of you
gotta go.



In this
here book is
the *rules* for
the next
place.

And the
rules got but
one rule:

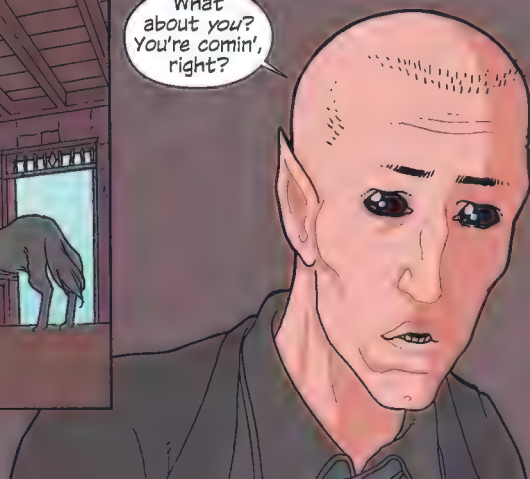


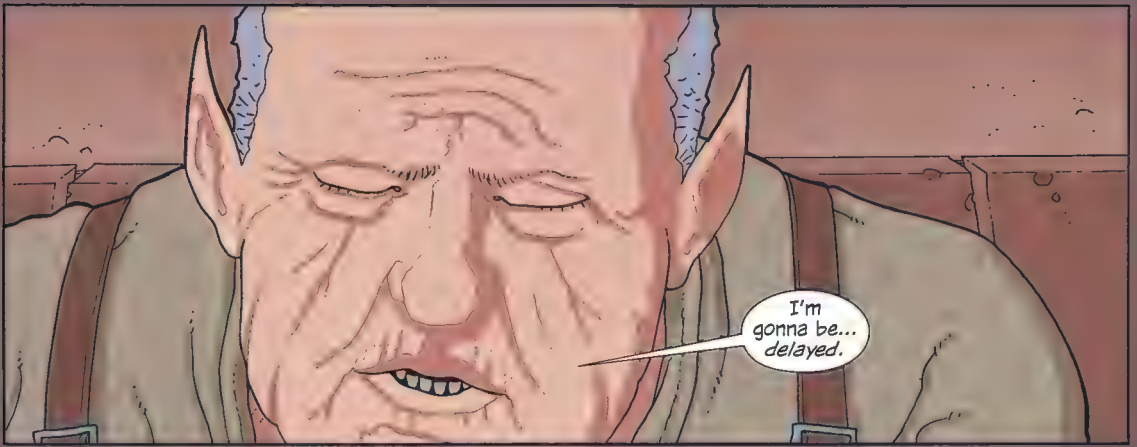
You
follow
'em.



Do I
make myself
plain?

What
about you?
You're comin',
right?





See this moment; it is
the last of its kind.



Simple pleasure-scene,
unspoken love between
godman and animal.

Go get
it!

(Animal hears his master's
voice, watches the arc of the
eye-stick as it describes midair
the shape of a sunset.)



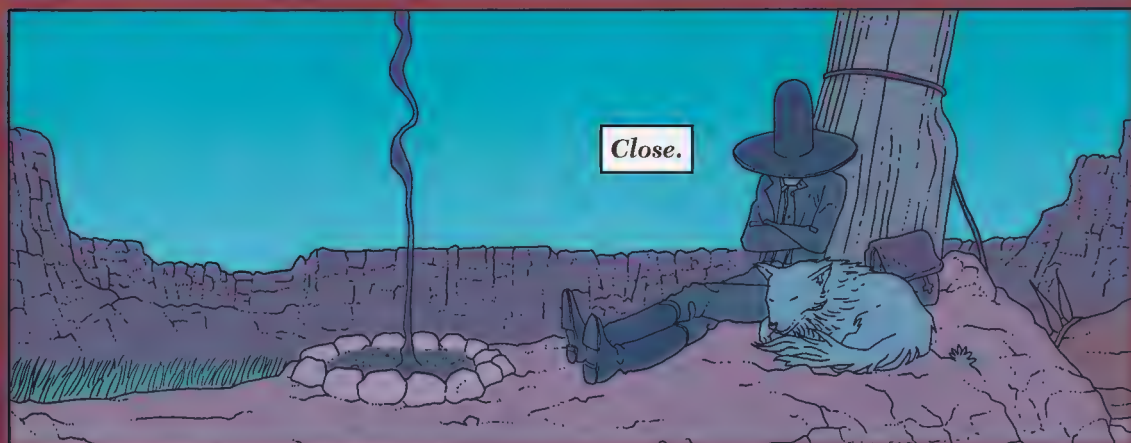
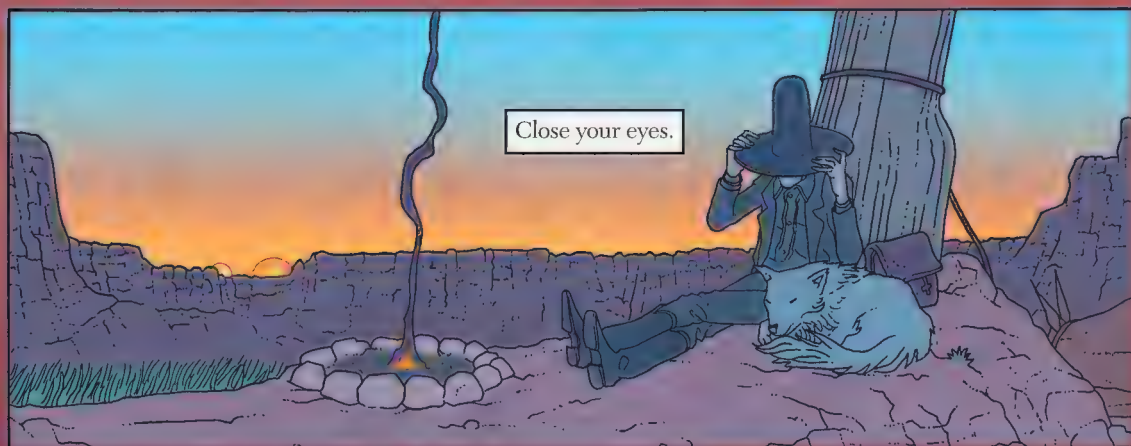
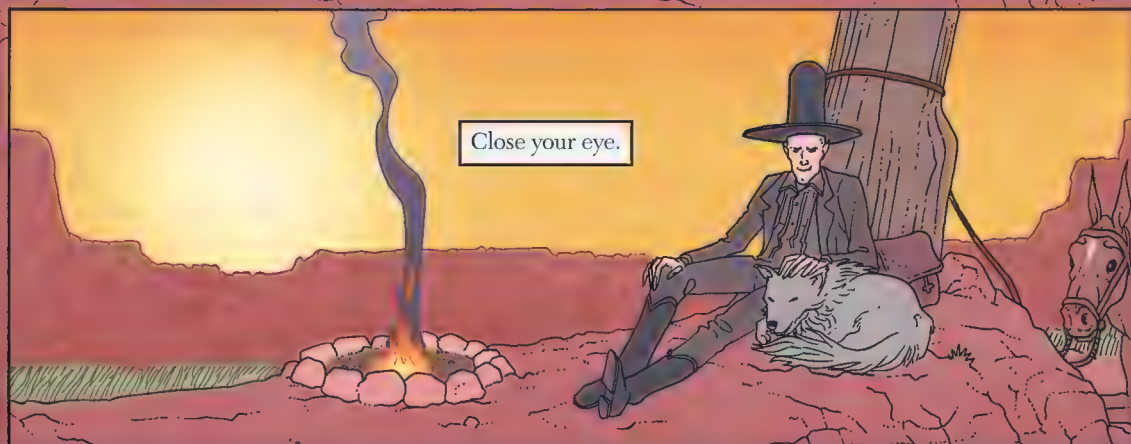
See the dog fetch the
eye; it is **your** eye.

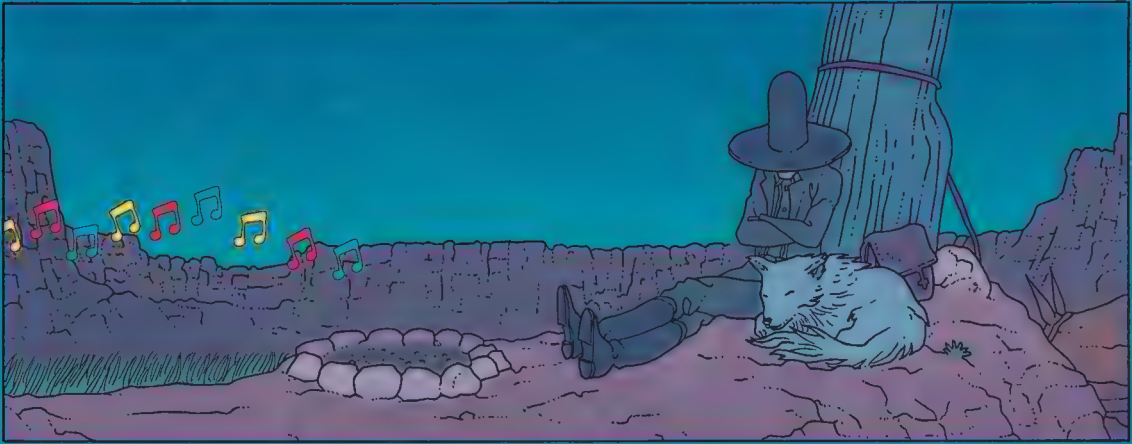
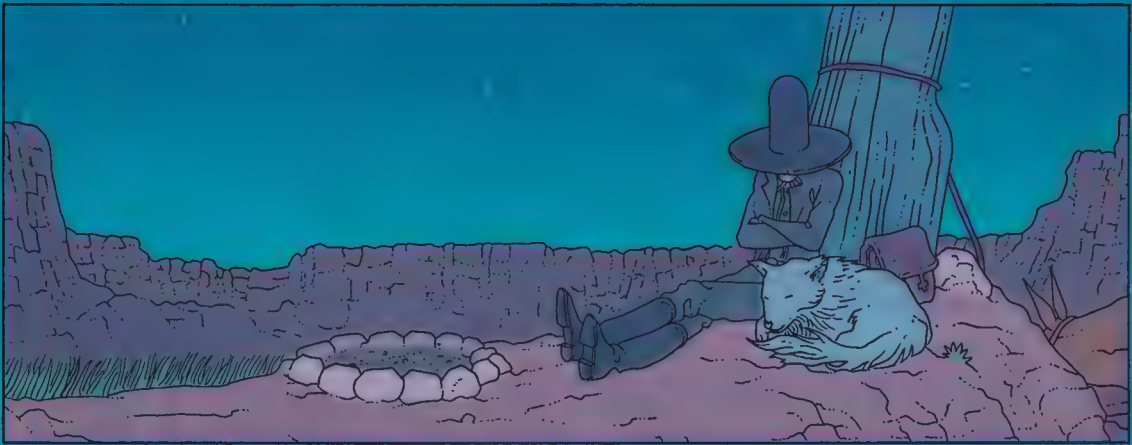


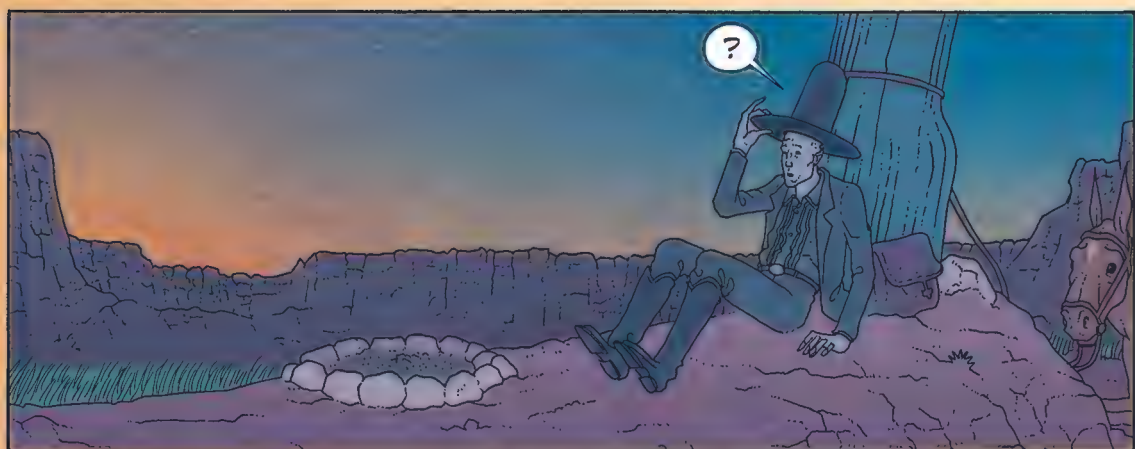
(Do you see? With
your eye?)

Attaboy.









But
now I'm all
toasty and
warm.





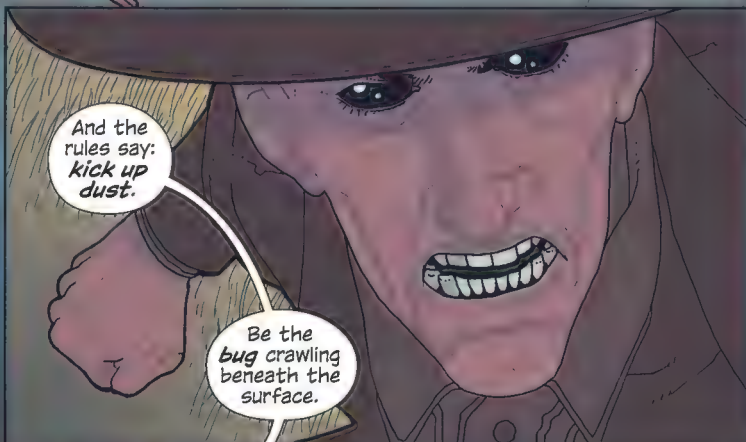
What did you do to my goddamn dog, *Rick*?!

I did what the geezer *told* me to do...



He showed me the book, Caleb.

The rules.



And the rules say: *kick up dust.*

Be the *bug* crawling beneath the surface.



ALL worlds are covered in bugs.

Some are just bigger than others.

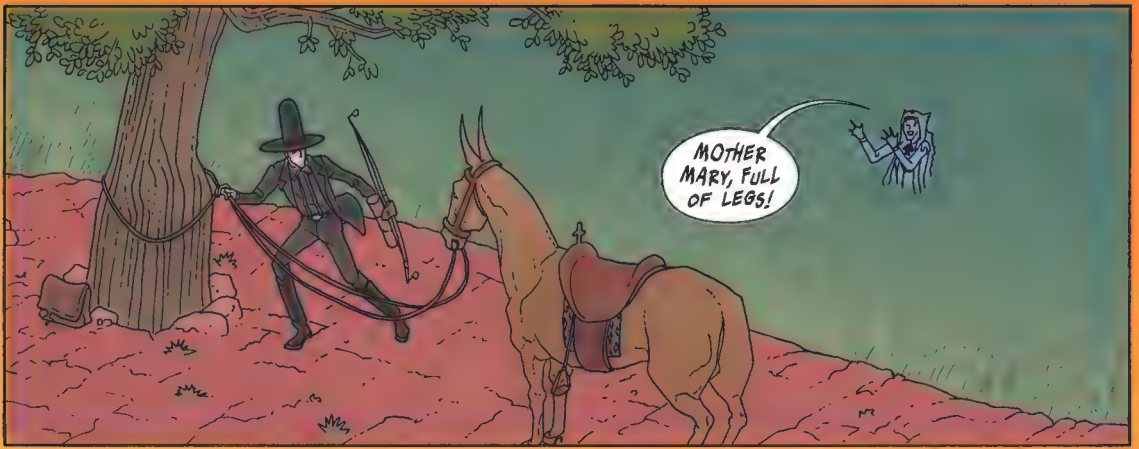
You'll see.



...like Old Man did.



Old Man...



SHE'S
HUNGRY FOR
SUPPER,
COUSIN!



See this world; it is
not your own.



Lonely place.
Ugly.

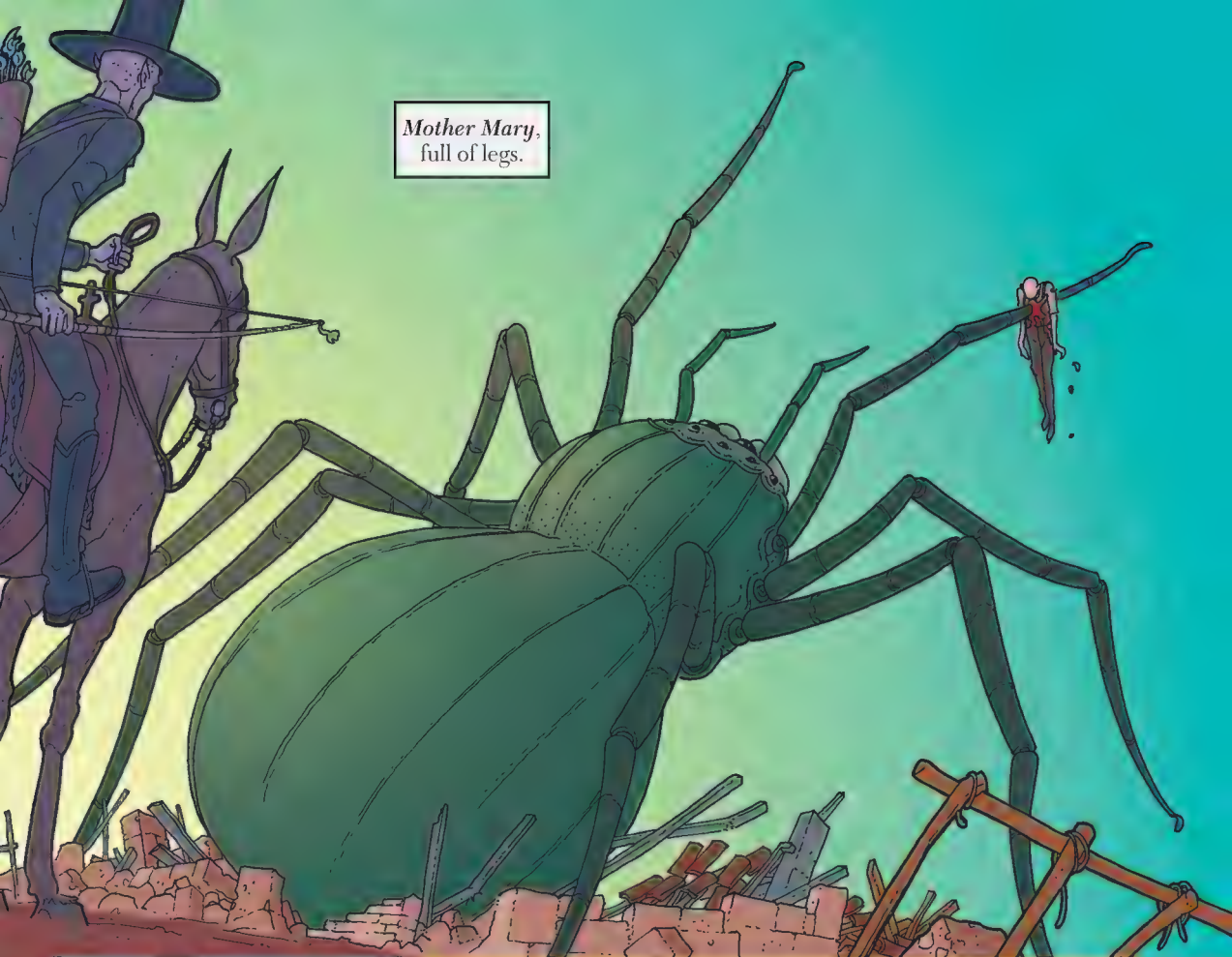
On its last leg.



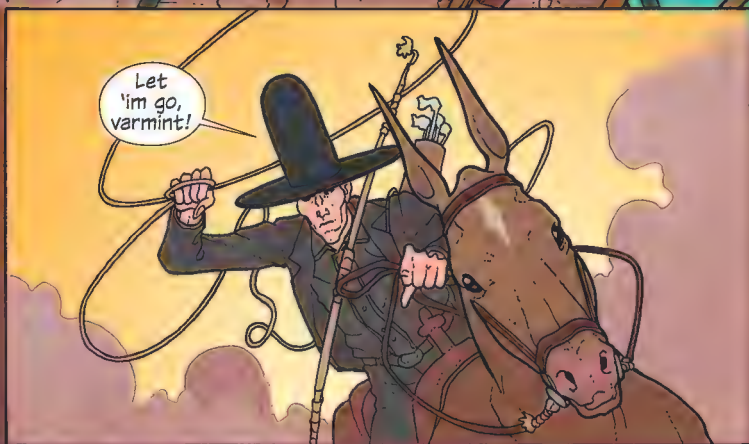
Made of fragile
lifestuff...

No...

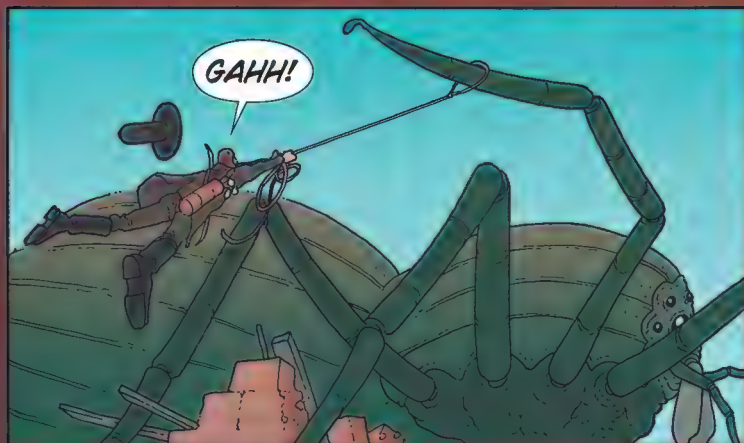




Mother Mary,
full of legs.

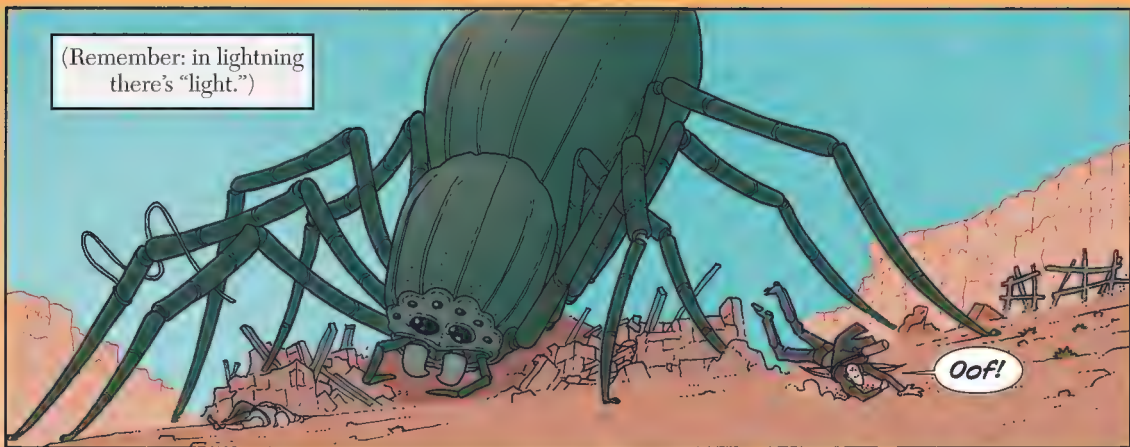


Let
'im go,
varmint!



Dark-clad
godman,
head full of
lightning.

(Remember: in lightning
there's "light.")

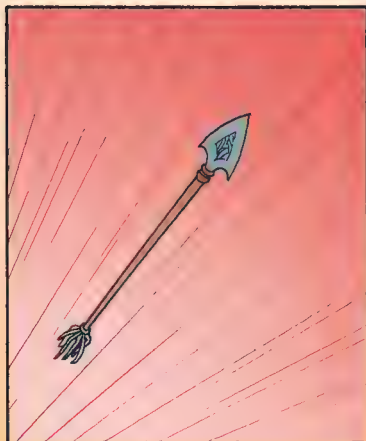
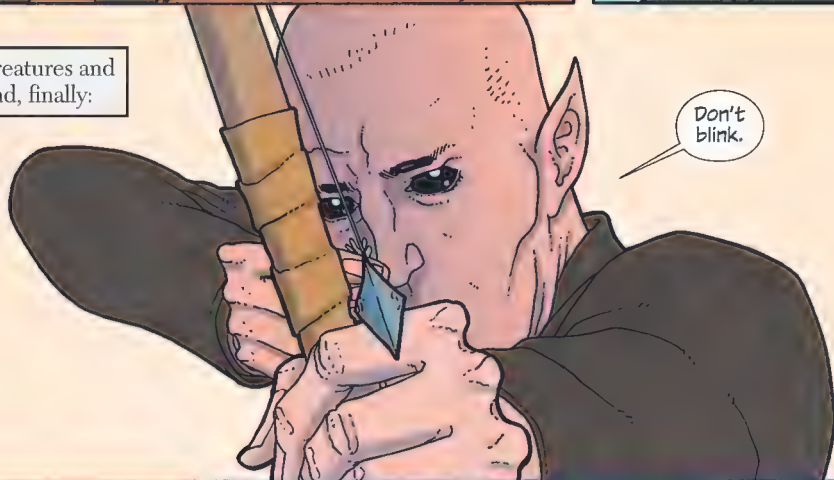


Stubborn
critter. Fine,
then...



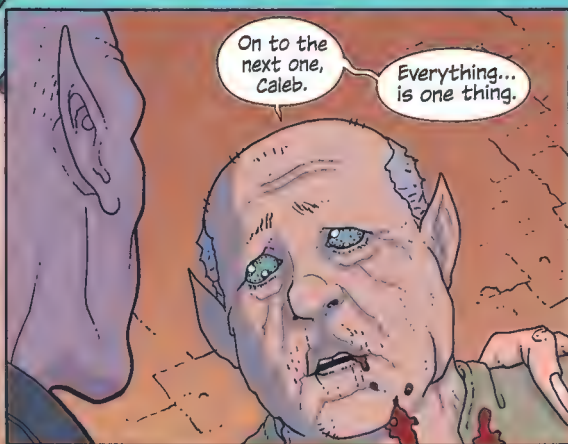
See these creatures and
understand, finally:

Don't
blink.



They are
imperiled...

As are we
all.





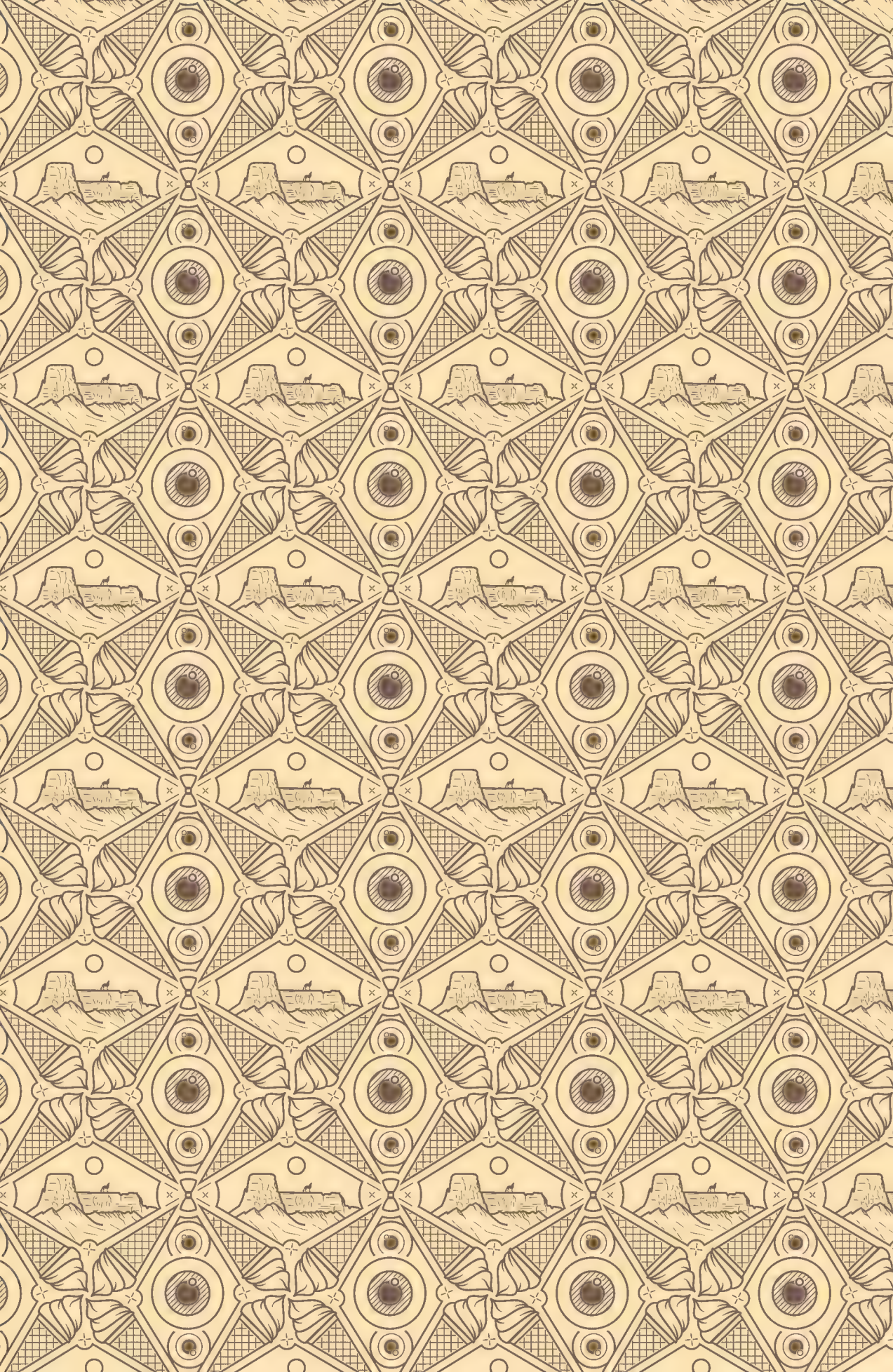
The plants take root and speak to the dirt. The dirt in turn speaks *back*.

And it's saying:



The background is a stylized illustration of a desert landscape. In the center background, there is a large, isolated rock formation resembling a butte or mesa. The landscape is filled with various rock formations, cliffs, and scattered rocks. The ground is depicted with simple lines and a warm, orange-brown color palette. In the foreground, a small figure of a person wearing a hat is riding a horse, viewed from behind. The overall style is reminiscent of a hand-drawn or painted illustration.

THE END OF THE ROAD



Border Story



Author's Note: Need help with the Spanish? Google Translate works like a charm! (There's also a cheat sheet at the back of this volume, amongst the Bonus Materials.)

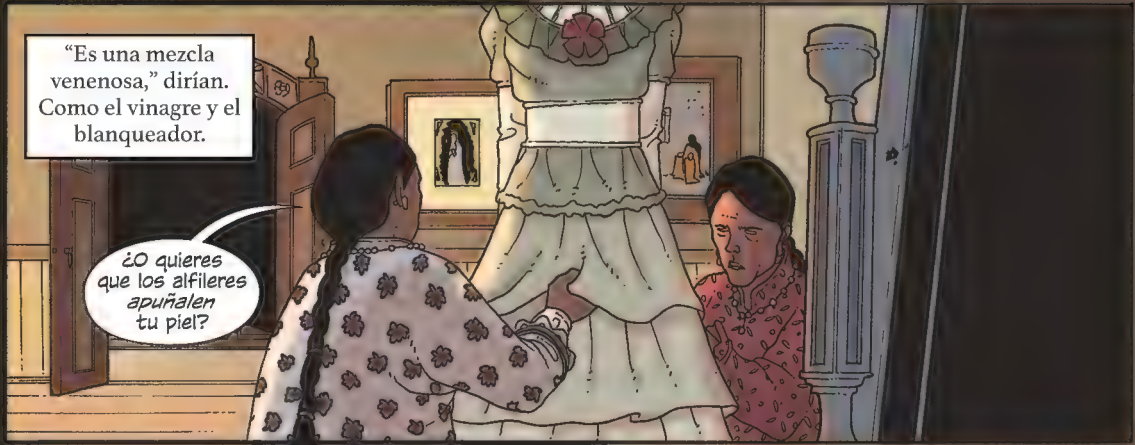
CIUDAD JUÁREZ, MEXICO

1919

Hay gente que diría que es mala suerte celebrar una quinceañera en el Día de los Muertos.

*¡Quédate
quieta, Maria!*





"Es una mezcla
venenosa," dirían.
Como el vinagre y el
blanqueador.

¿O quieres
que los alfileres
apuñalen
tu piel?

Pero también hay
otros—muchos otros—
que no estarían de
acuerdo.

Esas personas dirían "Unir
a los muertos con los vivos
es una bendición, un
matrimonio, un equilibrio
del mundo."

¿Veneno? ¿Matrimonio?
Solamente son palabras.

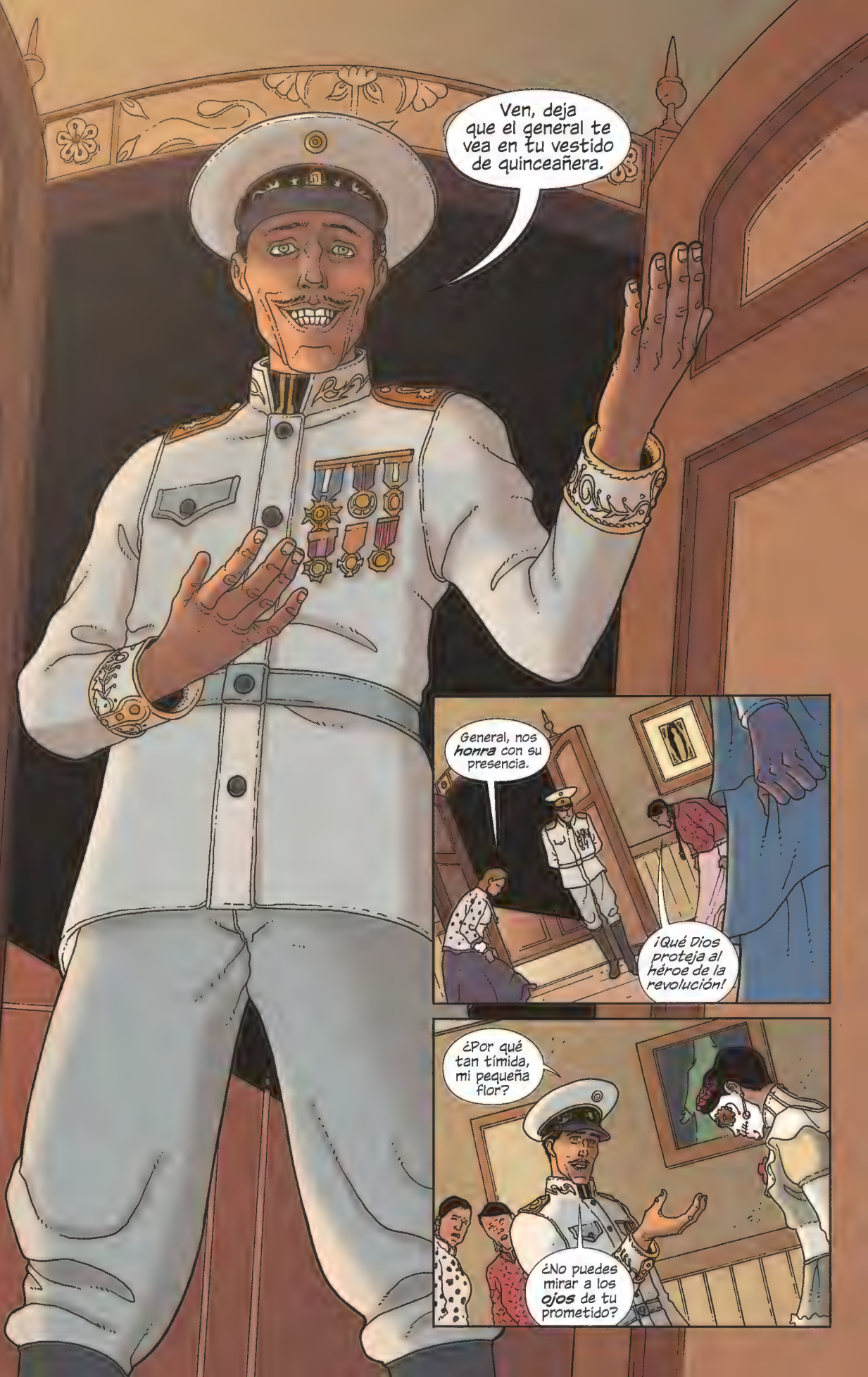
Ahora
estás lista para
tu novio.

Ahí
está.

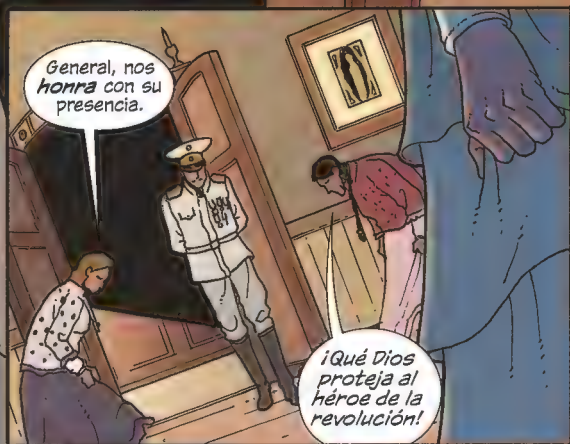
La verdad no tiene
paciencia para las
palabras.

Ahora
estás lista para
el general.

Eres
una visión
deslumbrante,
mi futura
novia.



Ven, deja
que el general te
vea en tu vestido
de quinceañera.



General, nos
honra con su
presencia.

¡Qué Dios
proteja al
héroe de la
revolución!



¿Por qué
tan tímida,
mi pequeña
flor?

¿No puedes
mirar a los
ojos de tu
prometido?



Bueno,
así está
mejor.

Puedo ver
la música dentro de
tu calavera. Formitas
en azul, rojo y
amarillo.

Serás
un hermoso
trofeo.



Tu fiesta
de quince años
y el Día de los
Muertos...

Celebramos
tu vida mientras
lloramos a los que
murieron.

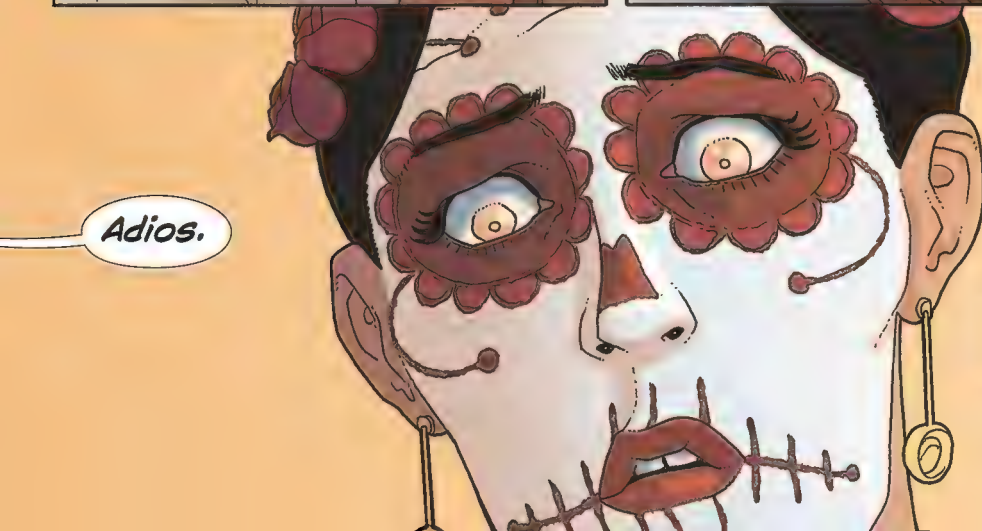


La vida está
llena de extrañas
yuxtaposiciones.



Disfruta
estos últimos
días, pequeña.

Las celebraciones
serán escasas cuando
estemos casados.



Adios.

Sí, la verdad no
tiene paciencia para
las palabras.

¿Pero qué
del amor?

San Pablo le dijo
a los corintios:



“El amor es paciente,
es bondadoso.”



Pero el apóstol
omitíó algunos
hechos...

El amor también es
una frontera. El amor
es un puente.



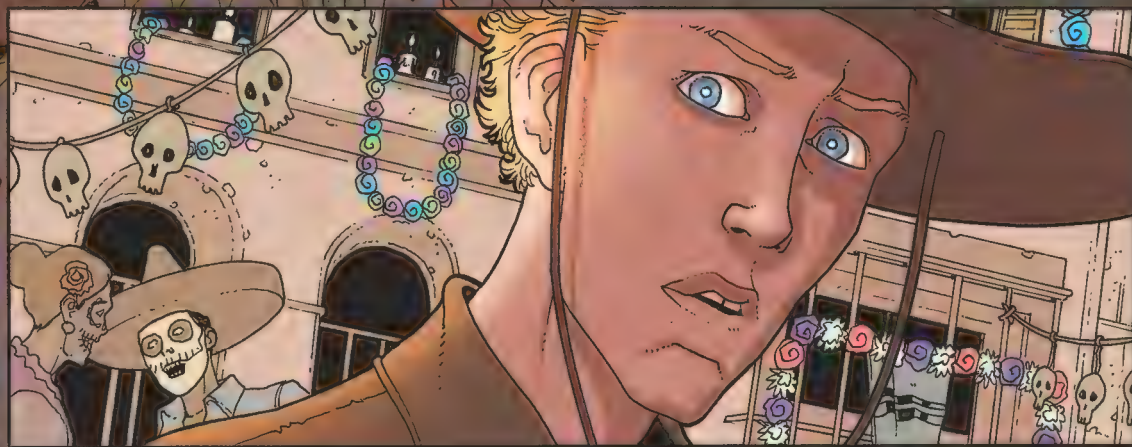
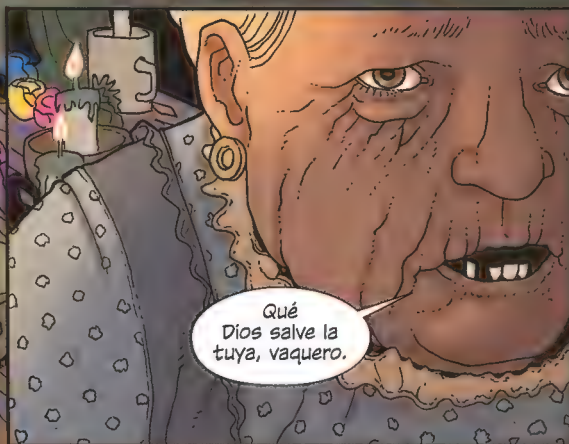
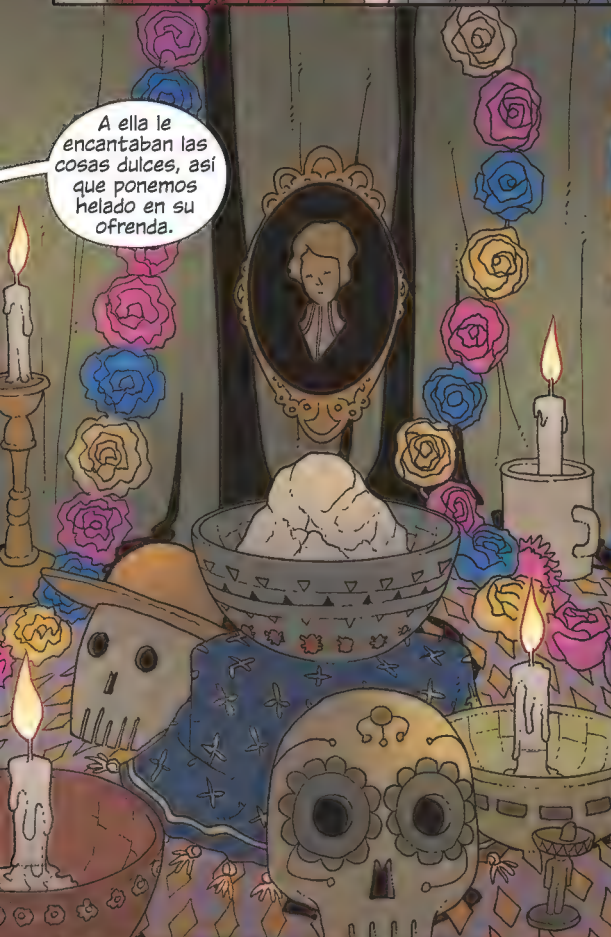
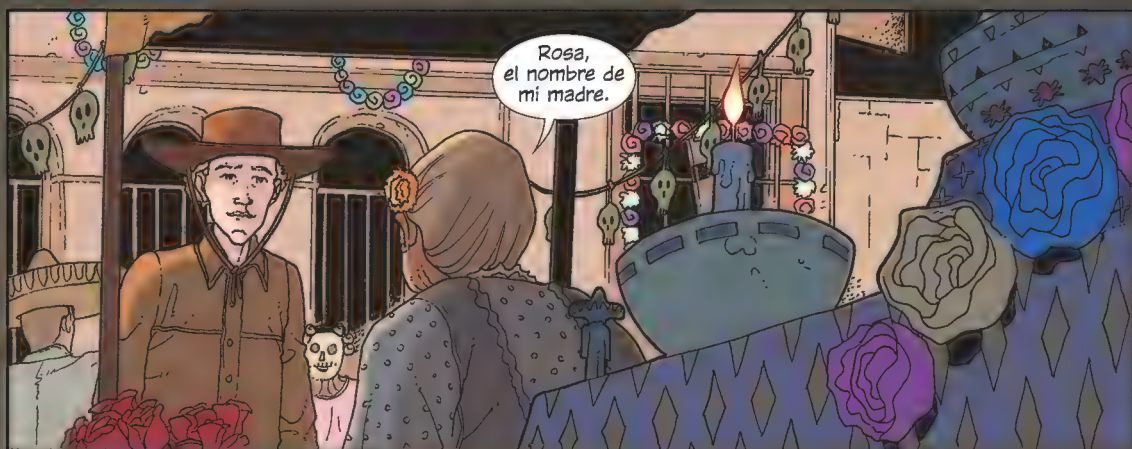
¡El amor cruza
el gran abismo!

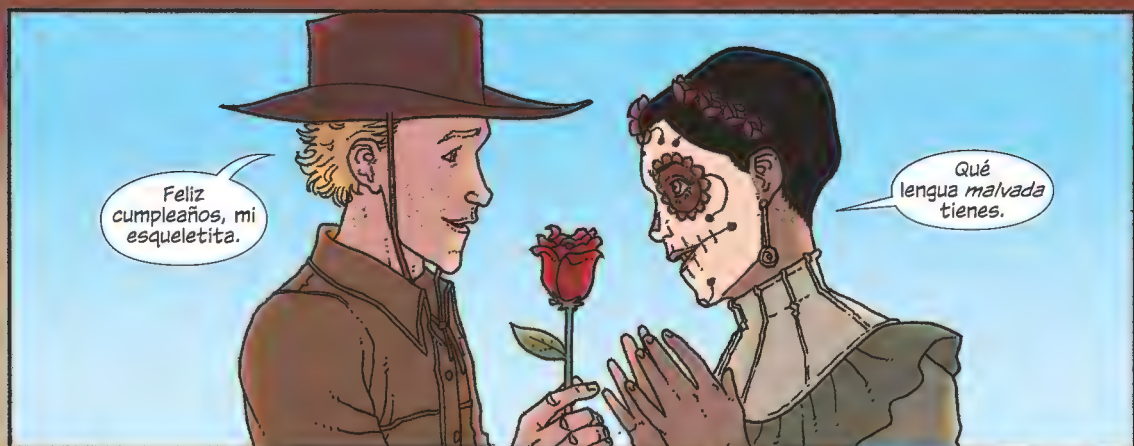


...pero pocos
sobreviven el
viaje.

Una
rosa, por
favor.

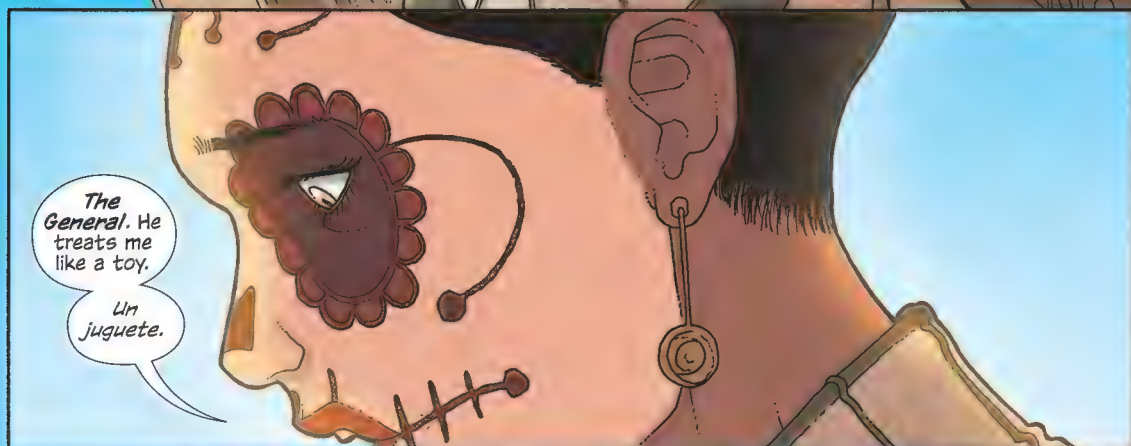








Why
the sad
face?



The
General. He
treats me
like a toy.

Un
juguete.



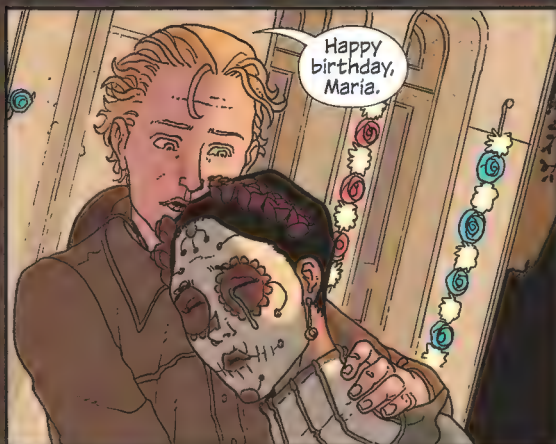
Hey,
don't you
worry about
him.

Tomorrow
night I'll be back
to take you *away*
from here.



We'll
be free! No
generals, no old
cowboys.

Just
the *two* of
us, *para siempre*
enamorados.



Yes, it is a *border* to be crossed. This much is certain.

But *equally* true:

Feliz cumpleaños a ti!

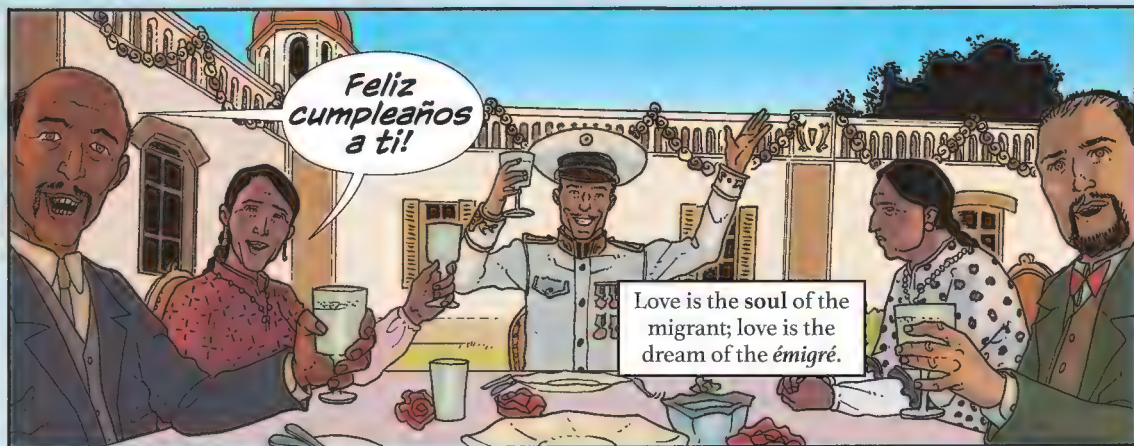
Feliz cumpleaños a ti!





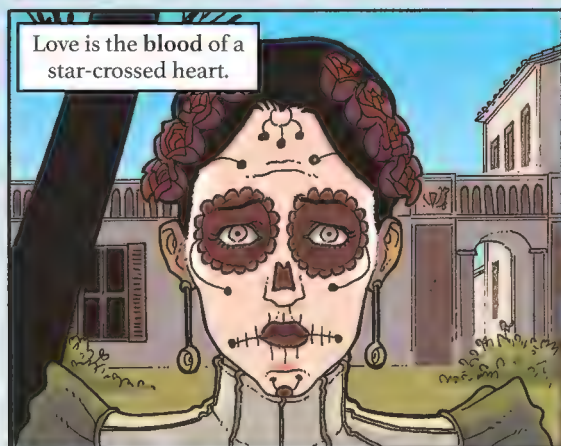
Love knows no borders;
love thinks *nothing* of our
fences and walls.

*Feliz
cumpleaños
a Maria!*

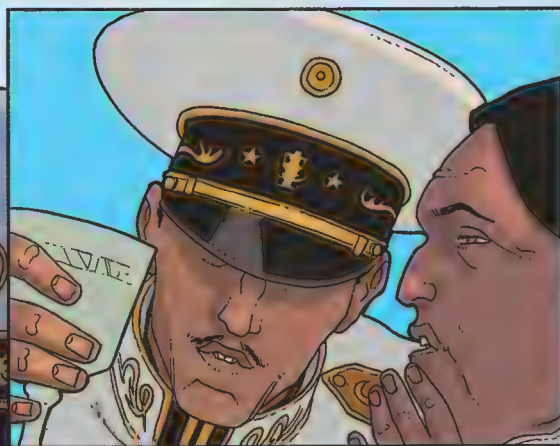


*Feliz
cumpleaños
a ti!*

Love is the soul of the
migrant; love is the dream of the *émigré*.



Love is the **blood** of a
star-crossed heart.



*El amor no respeta la
ley, ni obedece a rey.*

"So let
me get this
straight..."

Your plan, such as it is, is to steal this girl from her homeland?

Ride in like some kind of Lancelot and save the suffering princess?

That about *describe* it?

I didn't expect you to understand.

And I *ain't* askin' permission.

Permission to *what*?

Whisk her away to Los Estados Unidos...

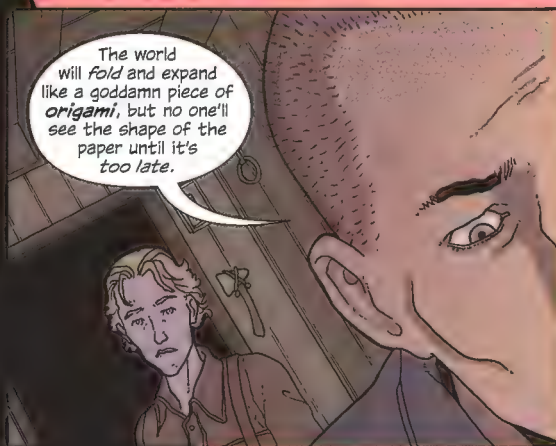
...so she can live the impoverished life of a cowboy's maiden?

Better than a life with the General.

Says you. There's *rules* to this world, kid.

Lines in place.

Certain ones you cross...you *never* come back.





Maria!



Juan!

Hurry!
We ain't got much time.

I'm coming down!



Gringo.
You are not where you belong.



Beg your pardon?

Men like you...



You come into our country and claim everything as your God-given right.

It's shameful.
It makes a mockery of us.



I want to give María a good life, Tia.

That's all.



"Good life."

You can do nothing for my niece's life but hasten its end.



God, forgive me.



What did--

JOHN!



Hello,
cowboy. It is
a pleasure to
finally meet
you.

How long
I've wanted to see
with my own eyes
Maria's American
paramour.



Maria!




Though I
admit a certain...
disappointment.

I thought
you'd be
taller.




Let
her go.

I'm
only gonna
tell you
once.



Ah, yes.
The *vaquero's*
empty, canned
bravado.



You puff
your chest and
pretend you are
naught but a lost
child.



How
trite.



How's
this for
trite?

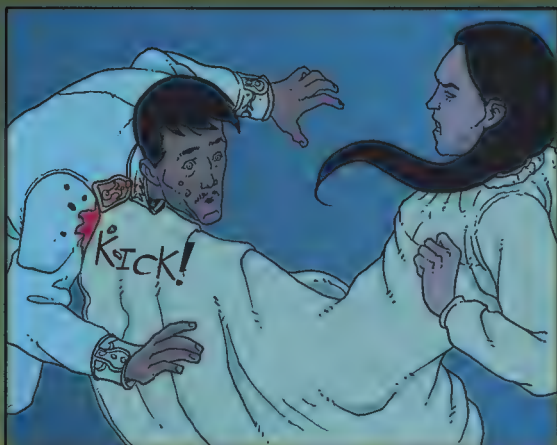
Ha!
You mistake
me for a man,
joven.

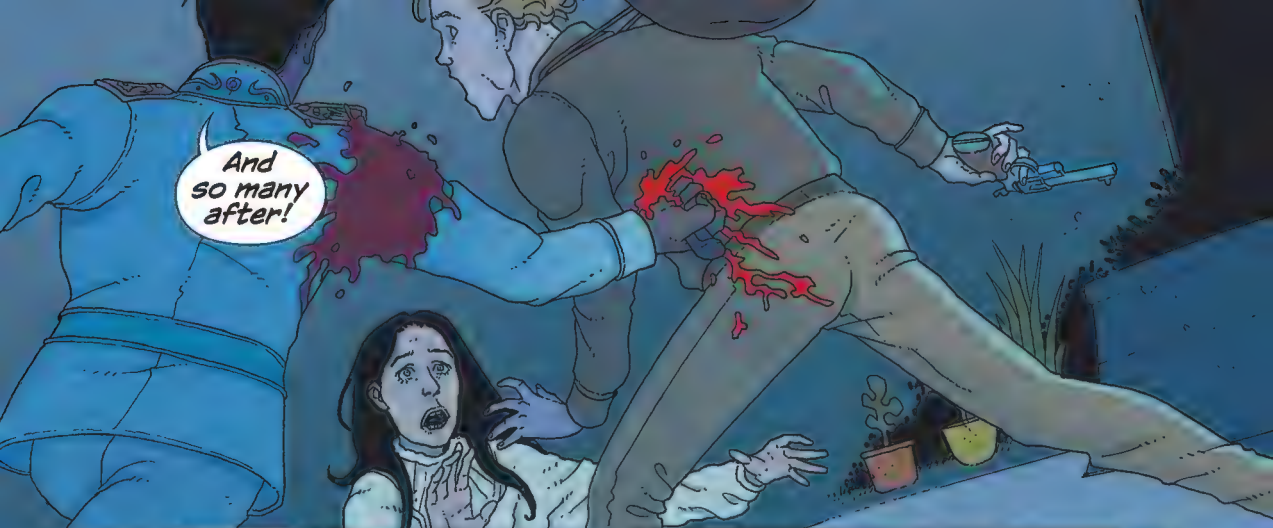


I am
an *idea*.

You
cannot kill
an idea with
a bullet.







And so many after!



Pass from this life knowing that it was all for naught, joven.

John!



You, your descendants... Sin meaningless. sentido.



Be with him, if it pleases you.

Todos ustedes son comida para los gusanos.


Ay, mi corazón.



The shape of the paper, Maria.

I can see it...


Years from now they'll make movies about this stuff.



Shoot 'Em Ups and
Spaghetti Westerns.
Searcher tales.




*Border
stories.*

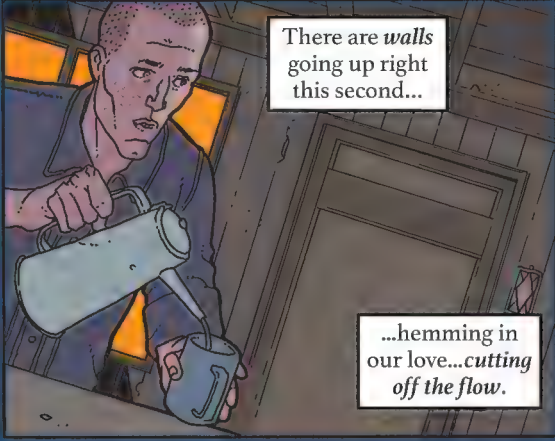


And you'll imagine
what it was like,
back in the day...

...when all it took to cross to the
other side was a pair of feet and
a heart full of *blood*.



But you'll
never really know,
will you?



There are *walls*
going up right
this second...

...hemming in
our love...*cutting*
off the flow.

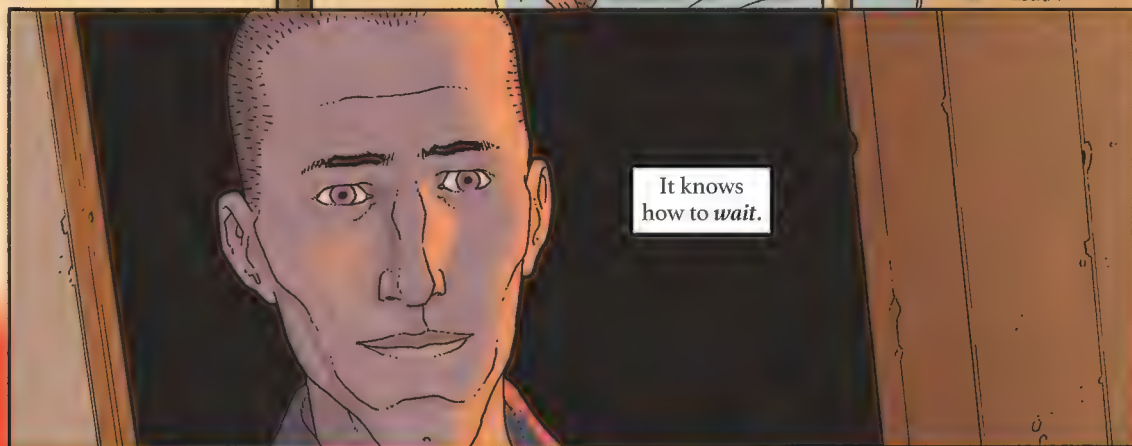


Don't worry,
though—love is
kind.

Love is
patient.



I'm sorry...
I had nowhere
else to go.



It knows
how to *wait*.



It waits for us
even *now*...

Soy hombre: duro poco
y es enorme la noche.
Pero miro hacia arriba:
las estrellas escriben.
Sin entender comprendo:
también soy escritura
y en este mismo instante
alguien me deletrea.

—Octavio Paz, *Hermandad*



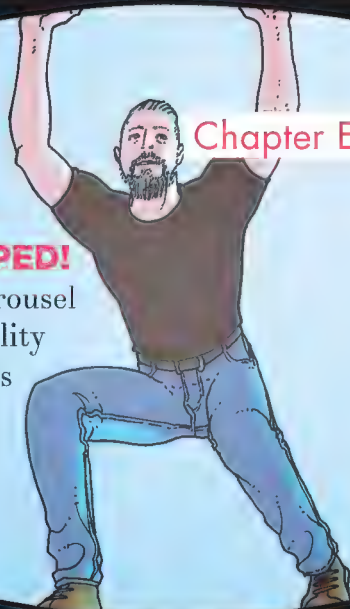
Tonight, on a very special
episode of **ICE CREAM MAN...**

TV Story

Chapter Eleven

TRAPPED!

in a carousel
of Reality
Shows



Let me
out!



You won't
BELIEVE
what
happens!

The stakes
have
NEVER

Please.
Somebody...

been
HIGHER!



Prepare to be
SHOCKED...

Anybody!



**TUNE
IN!**

Lickety
split.





Tonight, on...

MANNEQUIN *House*

Gentlemen,
this is Stiffanie's
final rose of the
night.

If you
don't receive one,
I'm sorry...

...but you'll
have to be
taken away for
improvement.

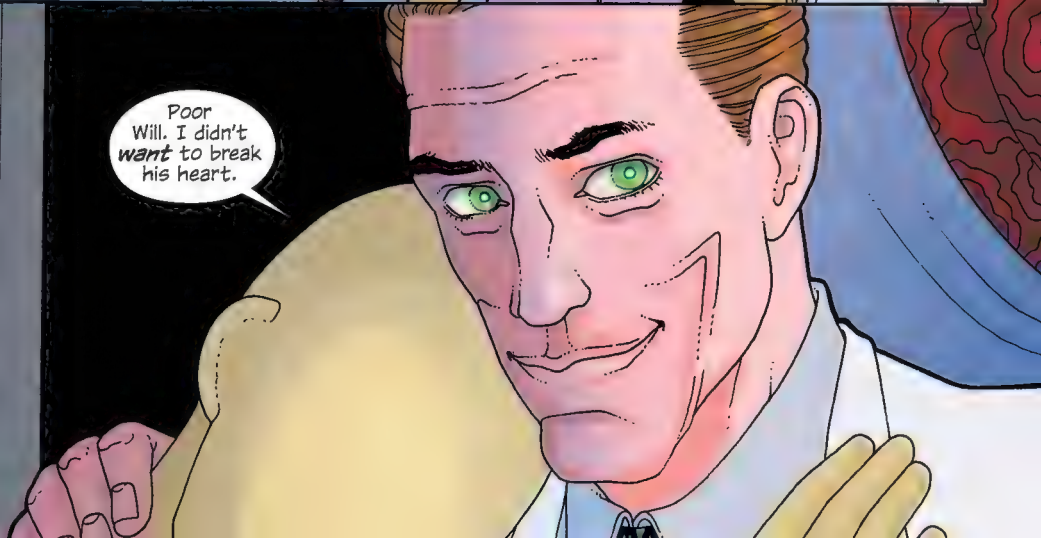
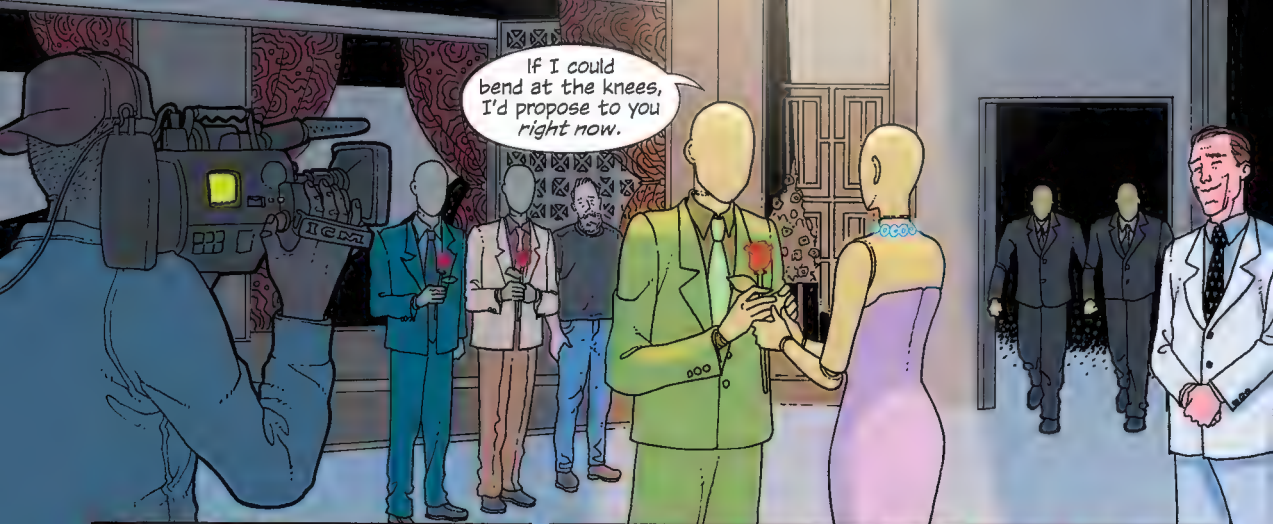
Improvement?
What does he
mean?

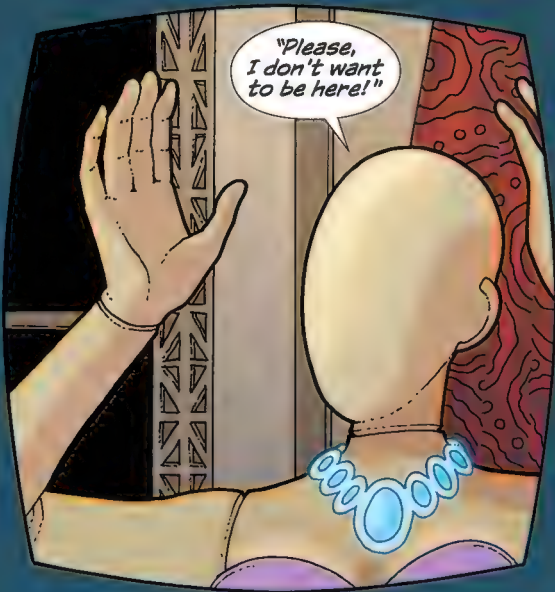
Zip it,
pal. She's
talkin'.

Please
know that
you're all so
special to
me...

But some
of you are *less*
special, so you
need to be
improved.

Mannequin
Six...will you
accept this
rose?







You're now watching...

FAMILY AUTOPSY

Wha--

And here comes our next contestant...

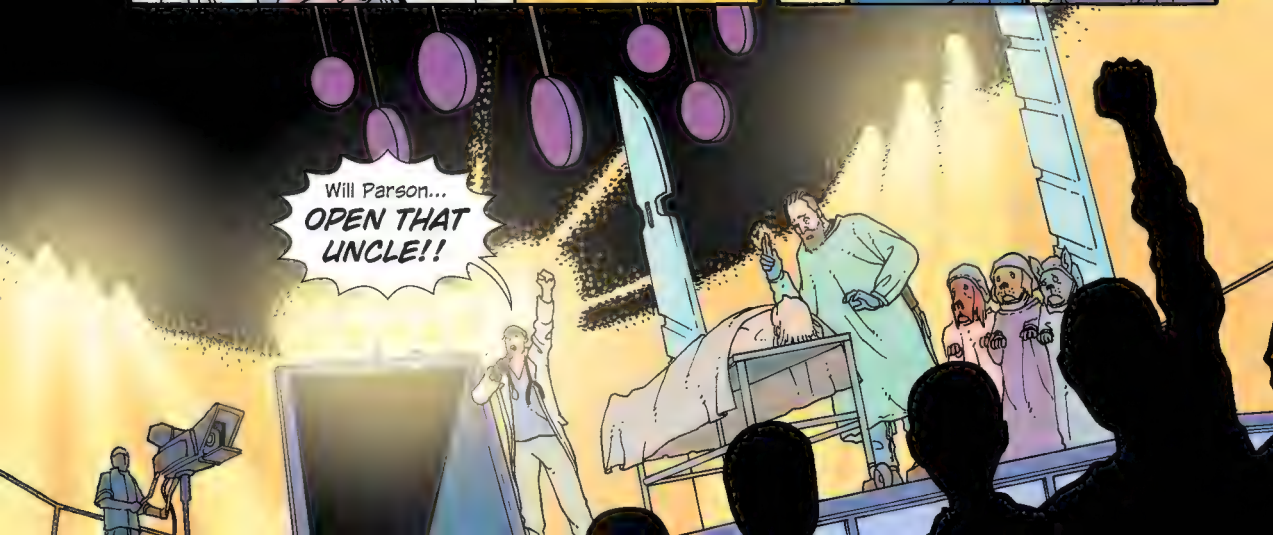
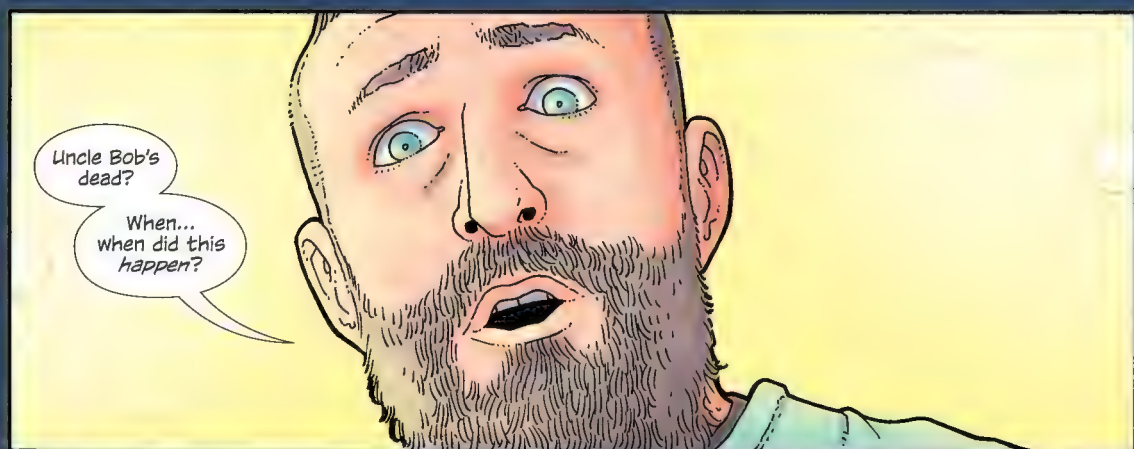
Mr. Will Parson!

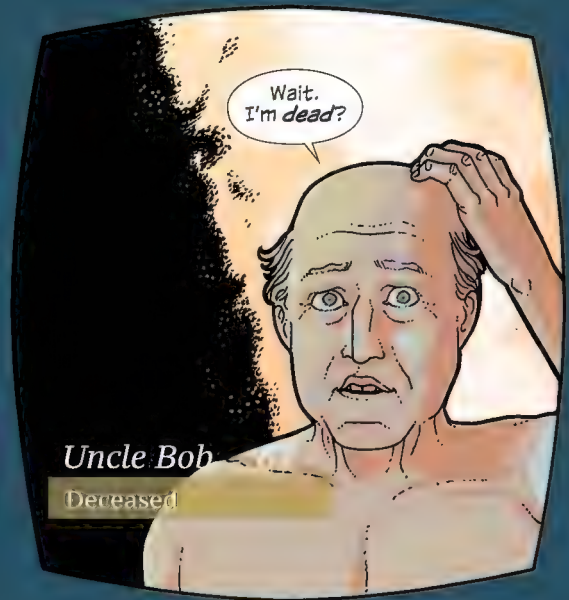
Let's prep him for surgery, boys!

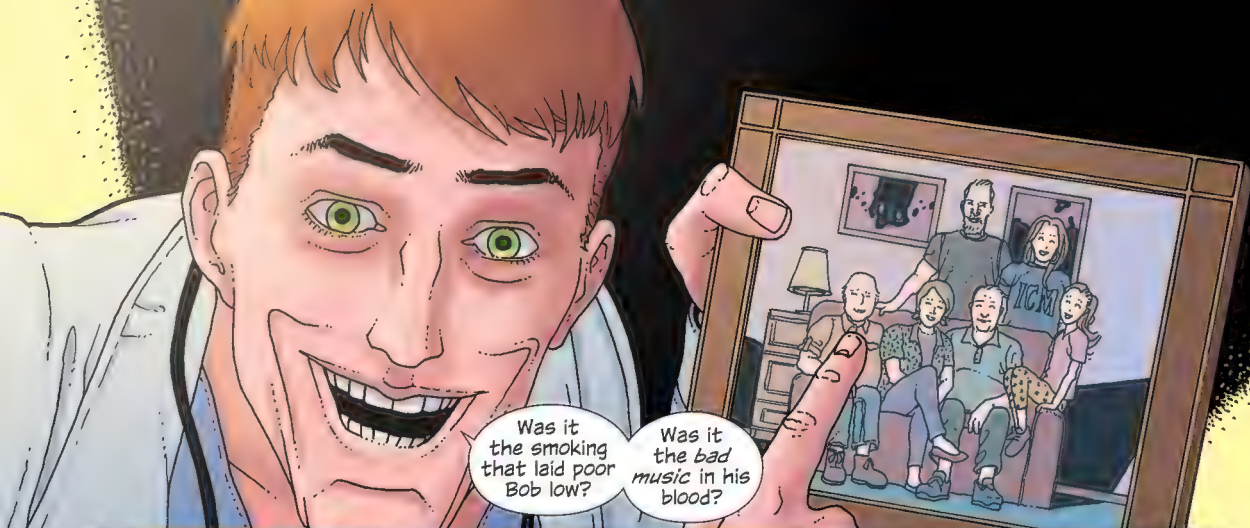
You know the rules:

You've got **thirty minutes** to figure out what killed your **surprise** family member...

Your favorite uncle...
Bob!







Welcome back to...

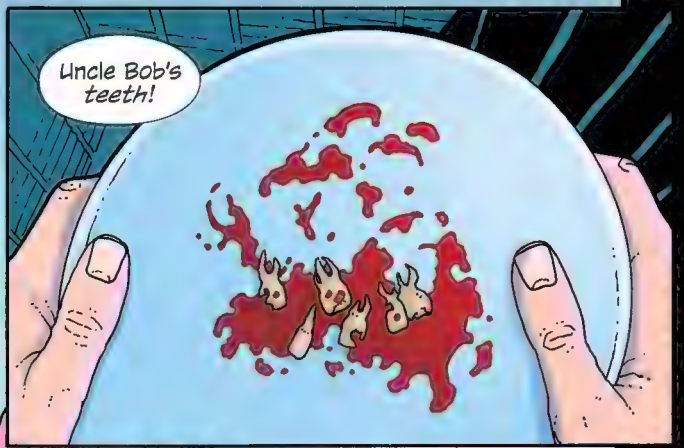
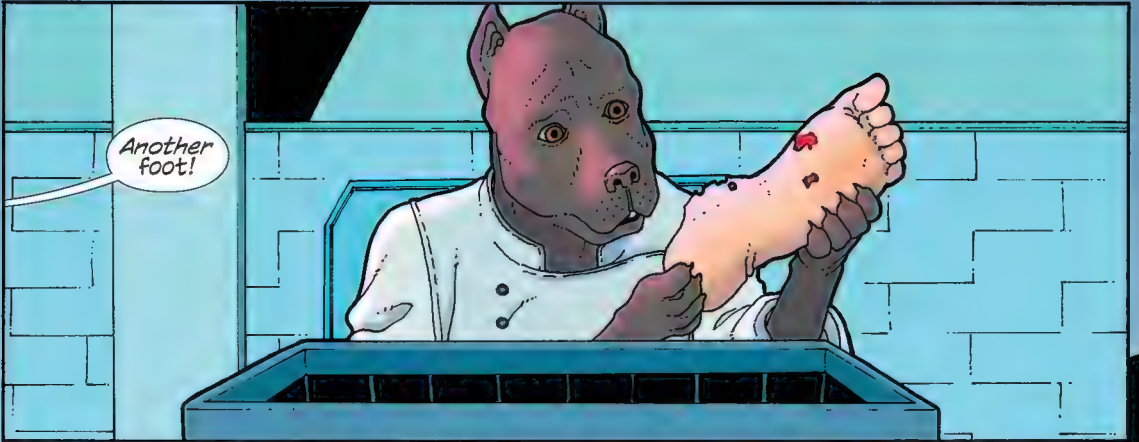
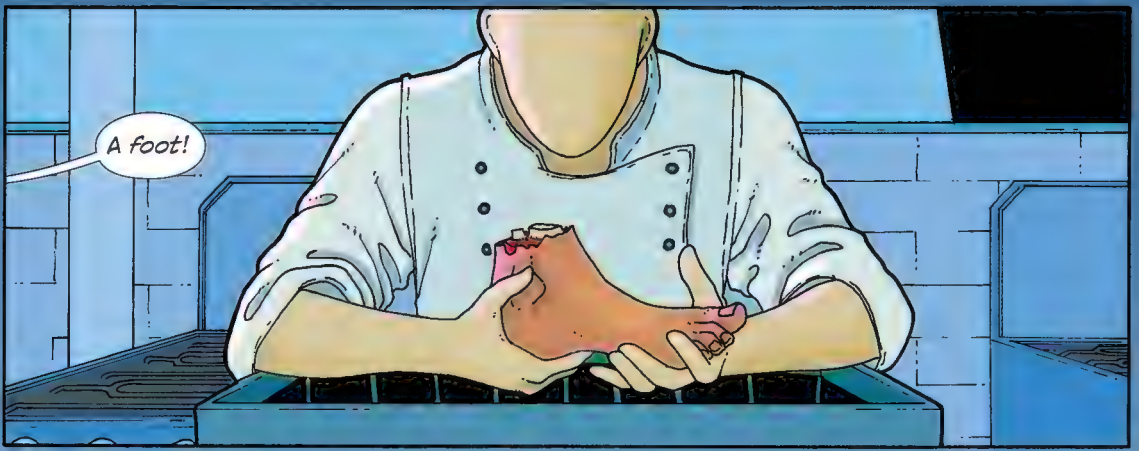
CHOP'D

Four chefs, three courses, and only **one** chance to win.

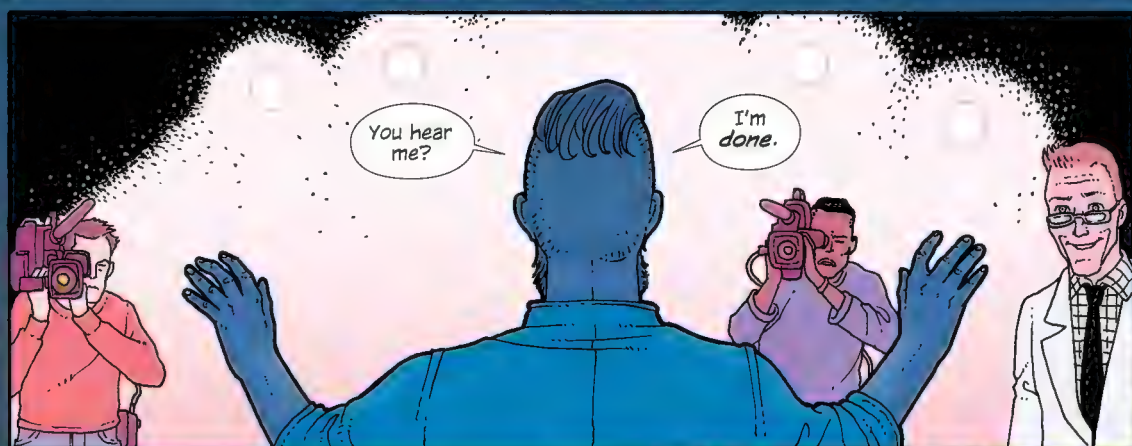
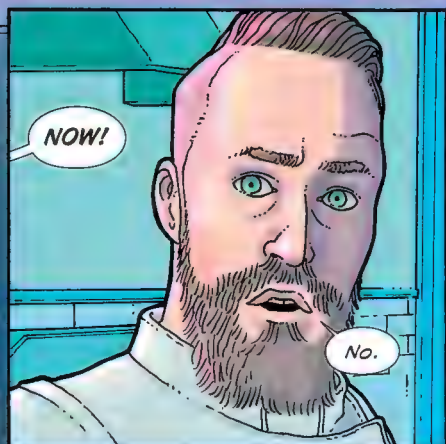
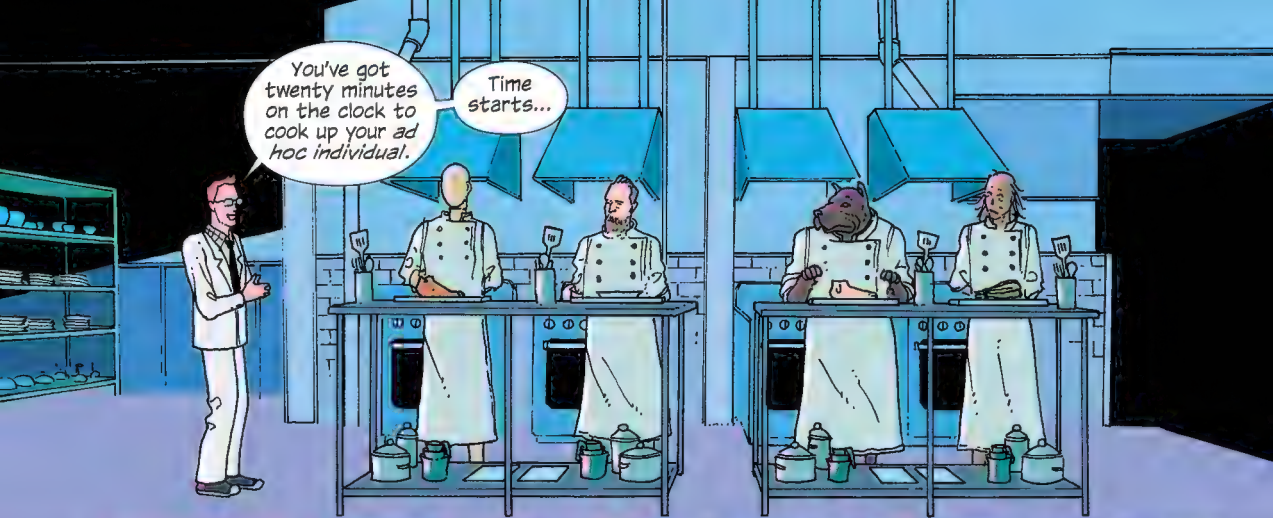
The challenge?

Create something resembling a person from the person-parts in your mystery baskets.









Konnichiwa, suckers.
And welcome to...

America's
got intestines!

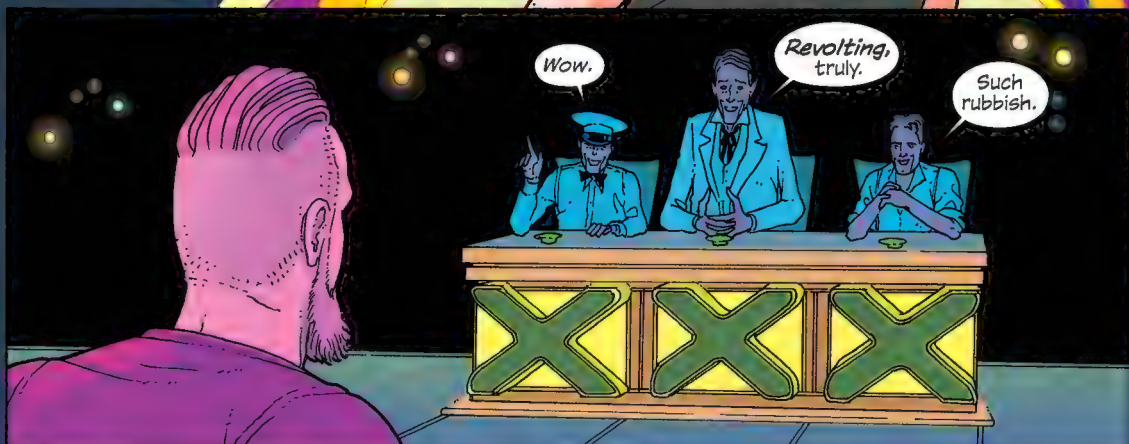
What
now?



Wow.

Revolt-
ing, truly.

Such
rubbish.



I've been
doing this for
a long time, and
I gotta say:

Those
are some of the
worst intestines
I've ever seen.



Worst
intes--

Oh.





What...
wha--



We're
sorry, Will. But
the vote's
unanimous:

Stopstop
stopstop



You've
been X'ed
out.



PRESS!



Thank
you for playing,
Mr. Parson.



Wait!



Nnggg.



Stopstop
stopst--



Th-they're
all inside.

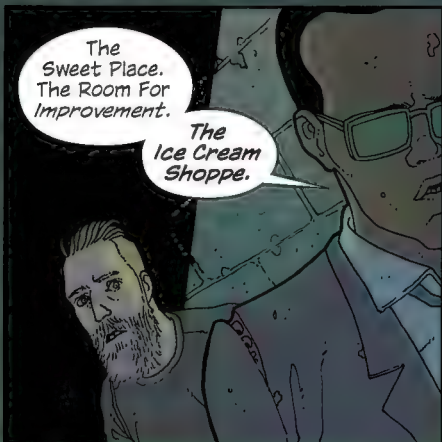
Did
you get
X'ed out,
too?



We all
get X'ed out,
eventually.

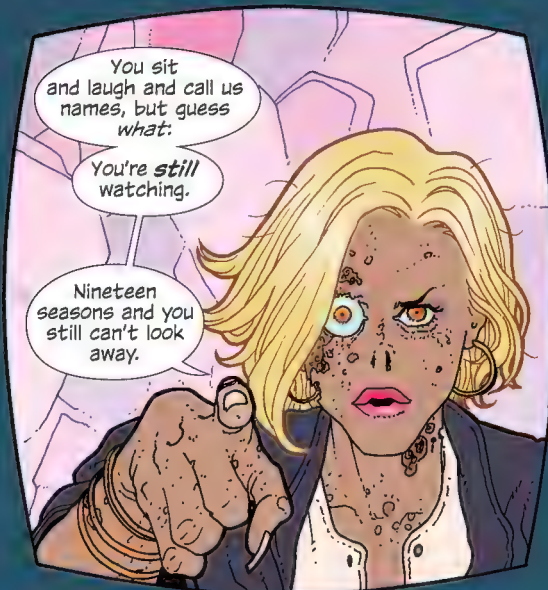
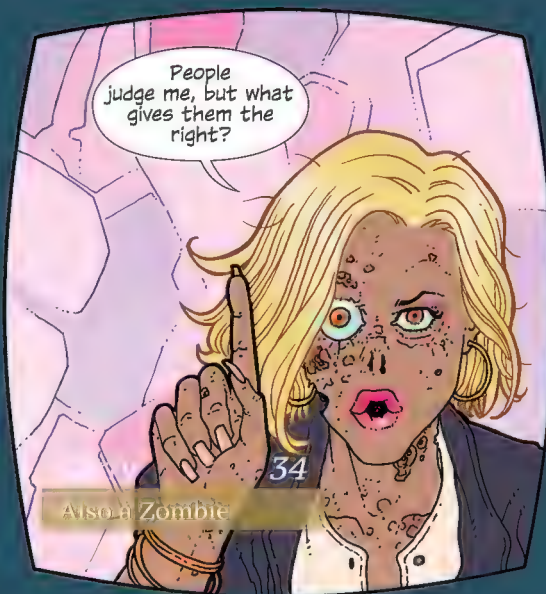


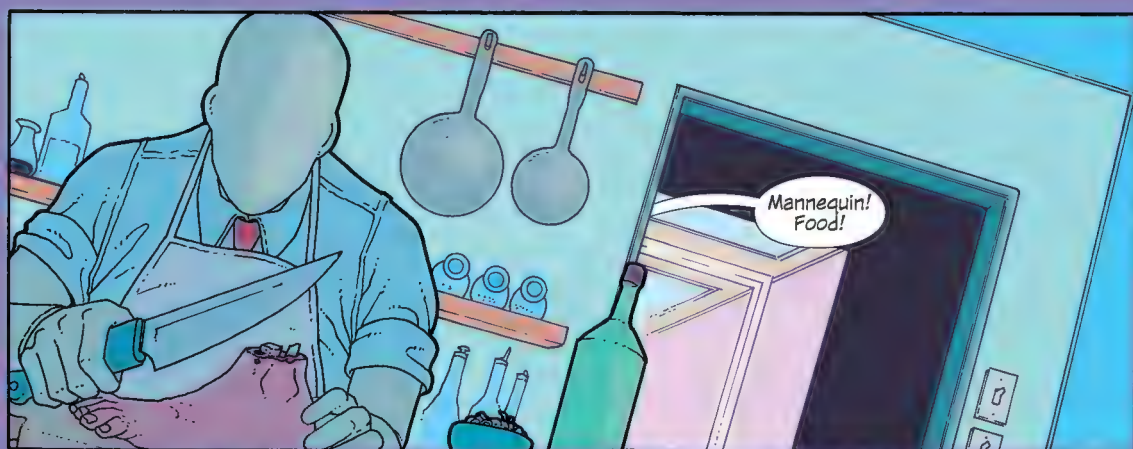
...like
ice cubes in
the sun.



WEALTHY FAMILY OF ZOMBIES











All those features...

Please! Don't eat me!

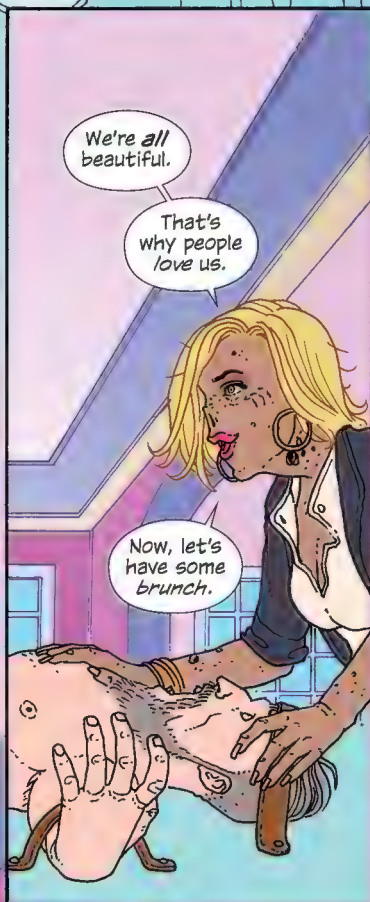
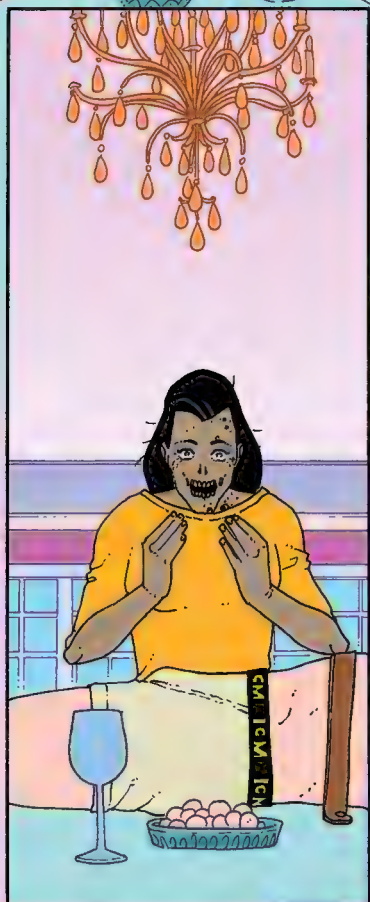
I'll go to the next show!

I want the next show!



Kerry, I'm sorry about before.

You know I think you're beautiful.

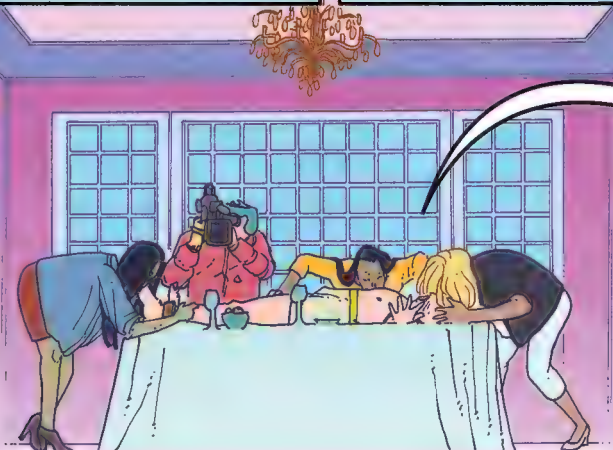


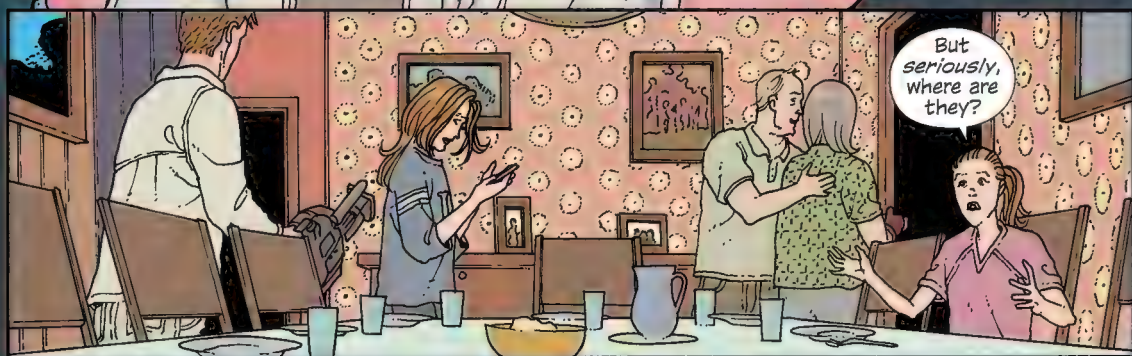
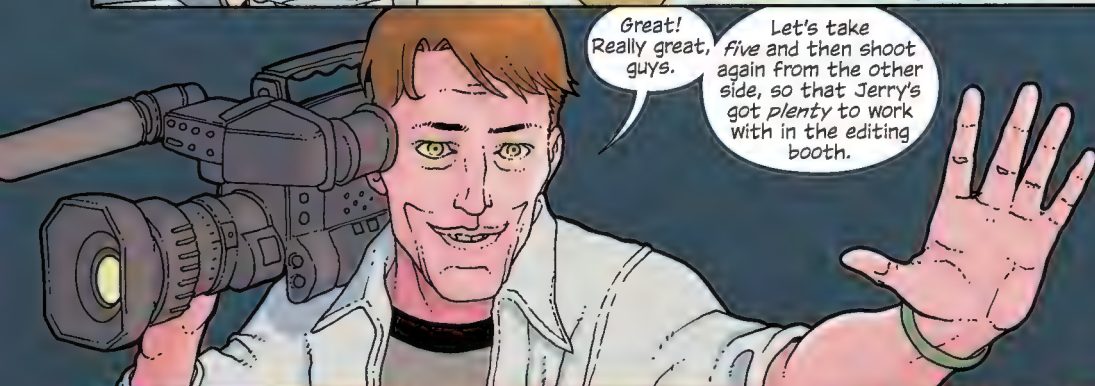
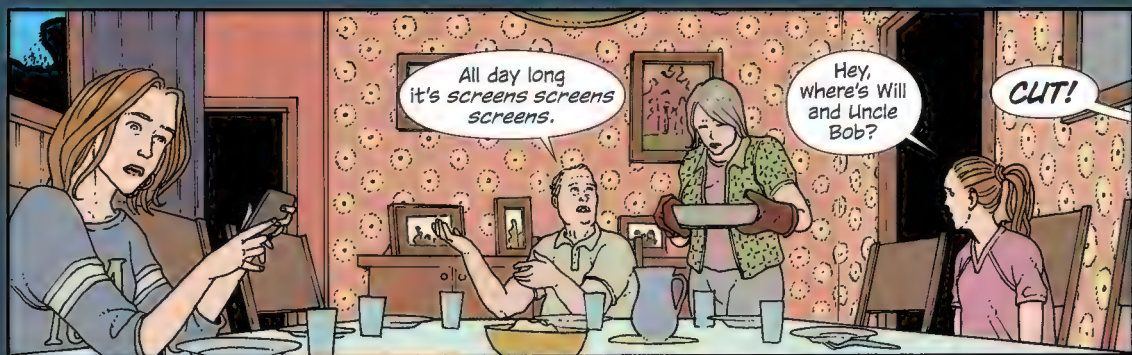
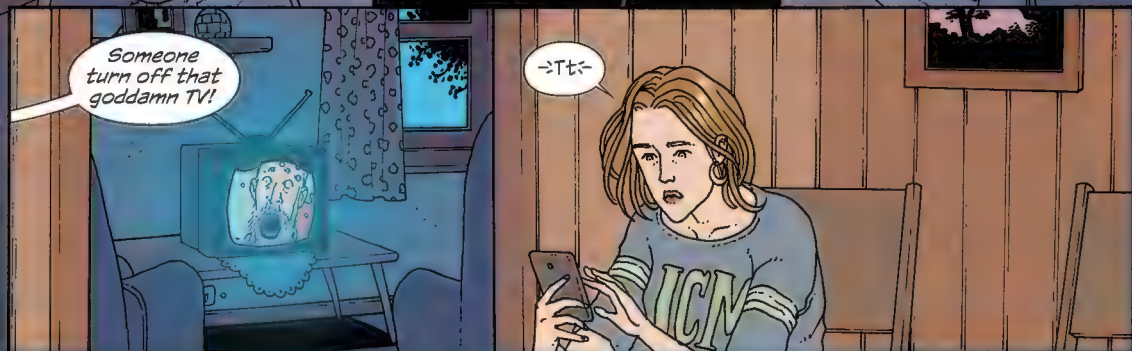
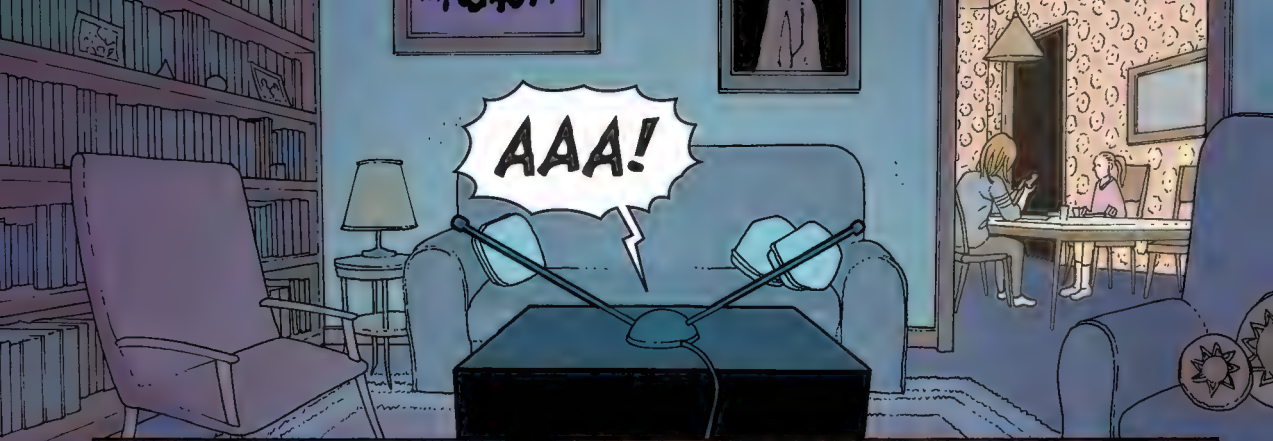
We're all beautiful.

That's why people love us.

Now, let's have some brunch.

AAA!

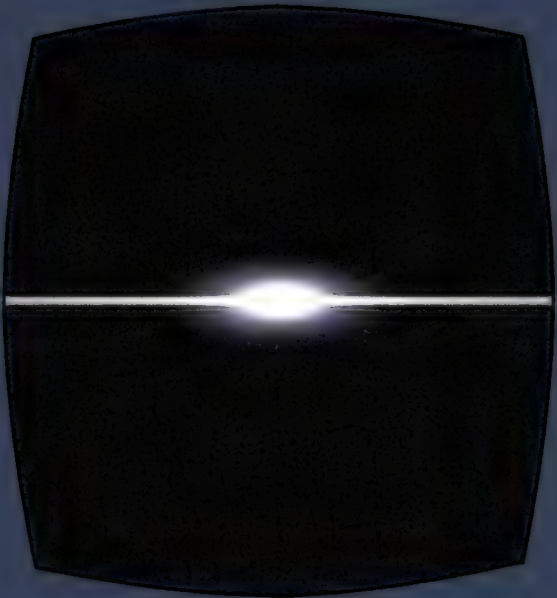
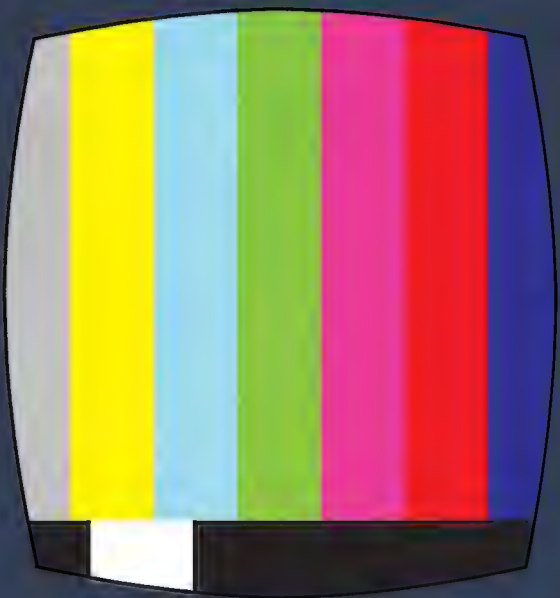
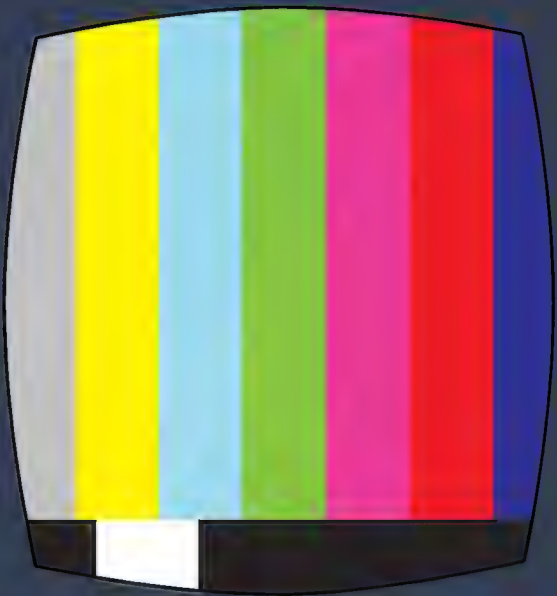
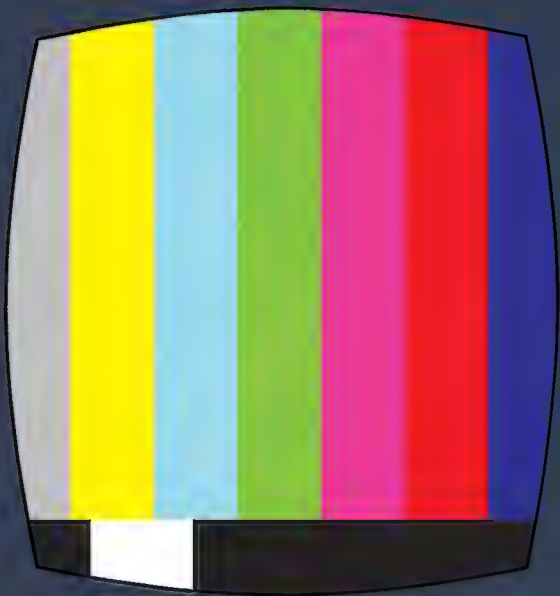
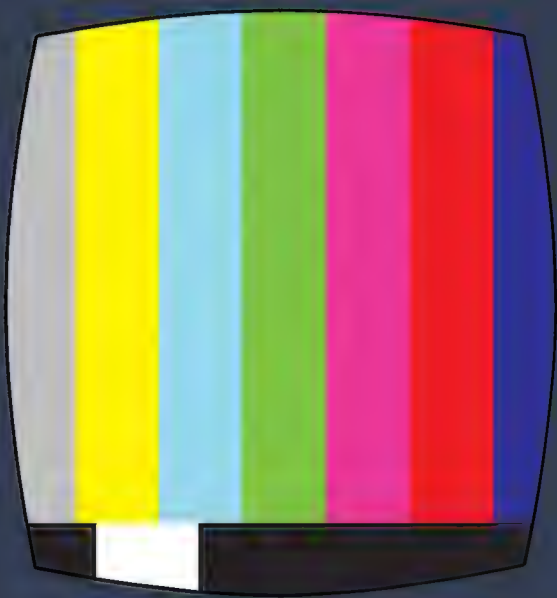
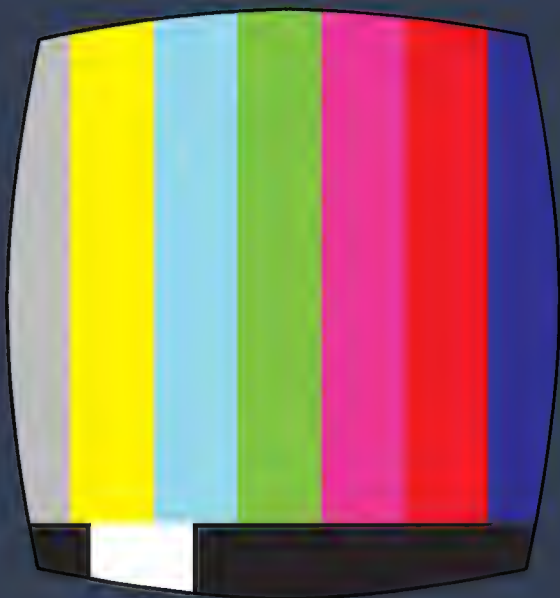




Find out next week on...







Space Story

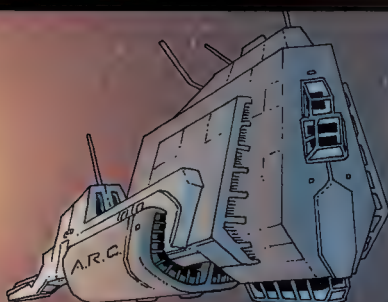
Chapter Twelve



Sooner than we'd like to admit...

Begin: Thought Log
ID: Smith, Noah
eProfile: Determined
Sub-mood: Wistful

Day 66
Aboard the Archival
Recivilization
Capsule

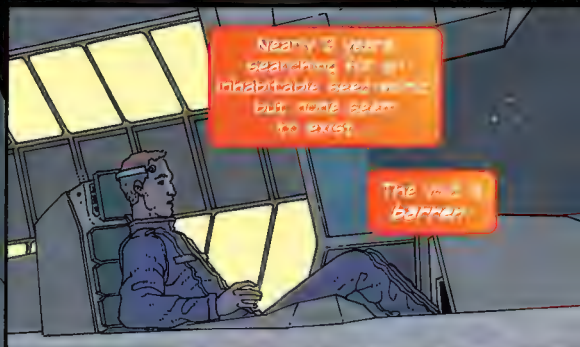


The A.R.C.
yawns through a
Starliner's, bumpy
back passage, by
through an endless
twinkling

Note New Language
Profile: Celestial
Subclass: Altruistic



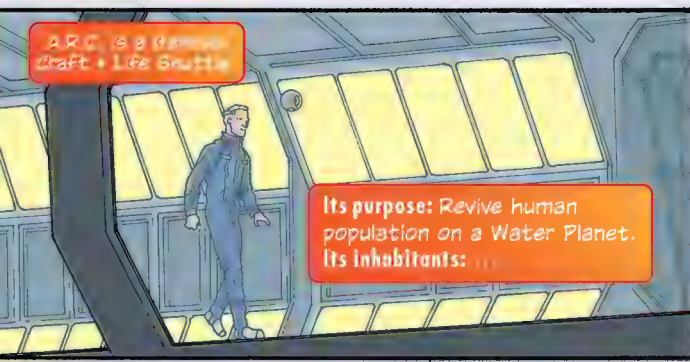
Nearly 2 years
searching for an
inhabitable planet
but none seem
to exist



The void
barren

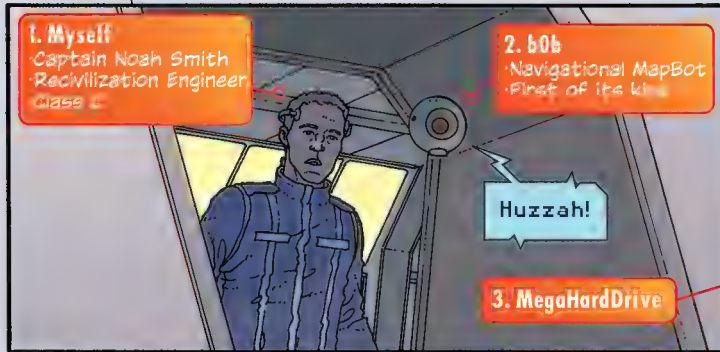
Note 1: Profile: Desperate
Begin: Hope Sequence





A.R.C. is a *Damage*
Craft • Life Shuttle

Its purpose: Revive human
population on a Water Planet.
Its inhabitants: ...



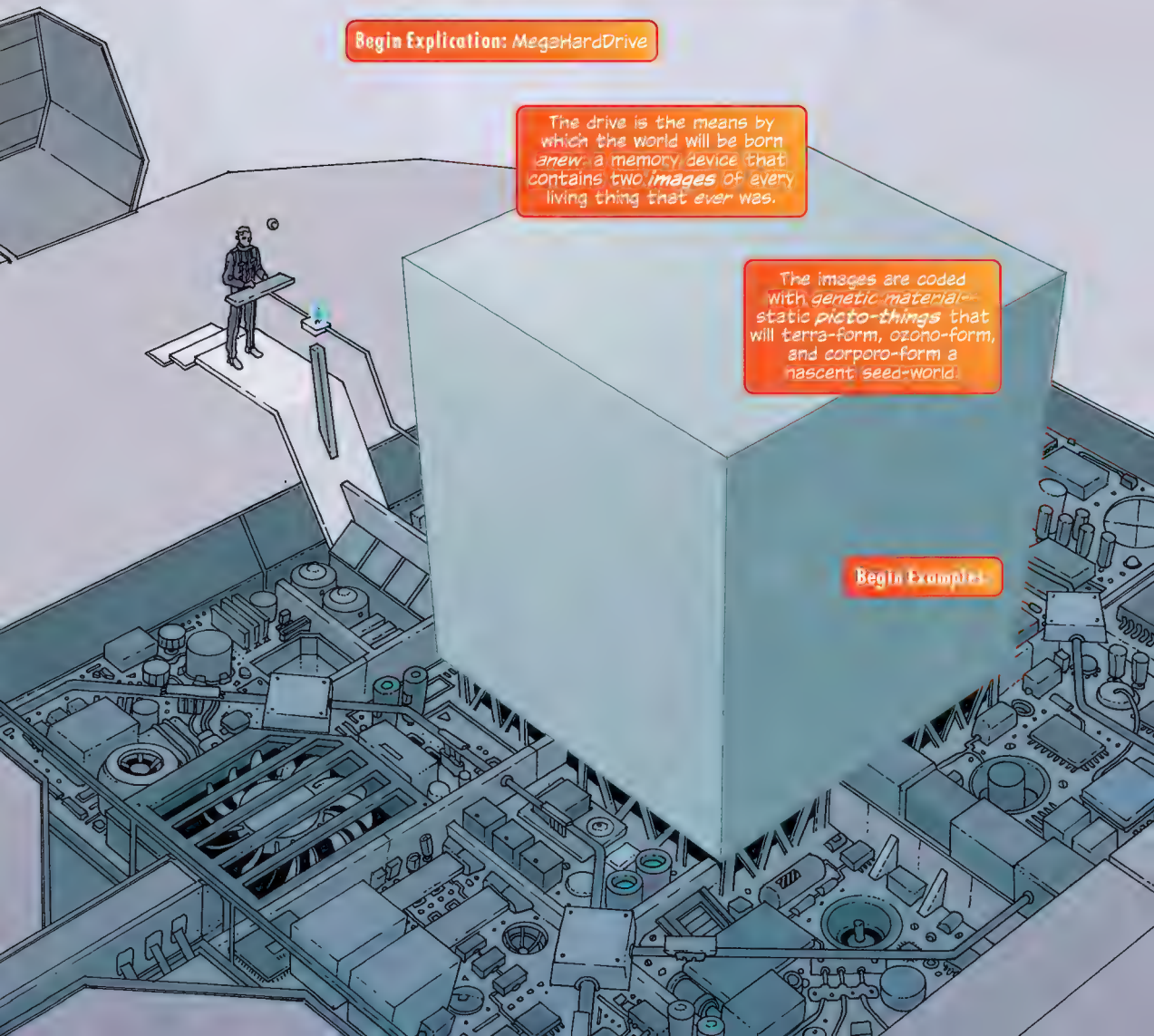
1. Myself
• Captain Noah Smith
• Recivilization Engineer
• Class C

2. b0b
• Navigational MapBot
• First of its kind

Huzzah!

3. MegaHardDrive

Begin Exposition: MegaHardDrive



The drive is the means by
which the world will be born
anew: a memory device that
contains two *images* of every
living thing that ever was.

The images are coded
with *genetic material*—
static *picto-things* that
will terra-form, ozono-form,
and corporo-form a
nascent seed-world.

Begin Examples

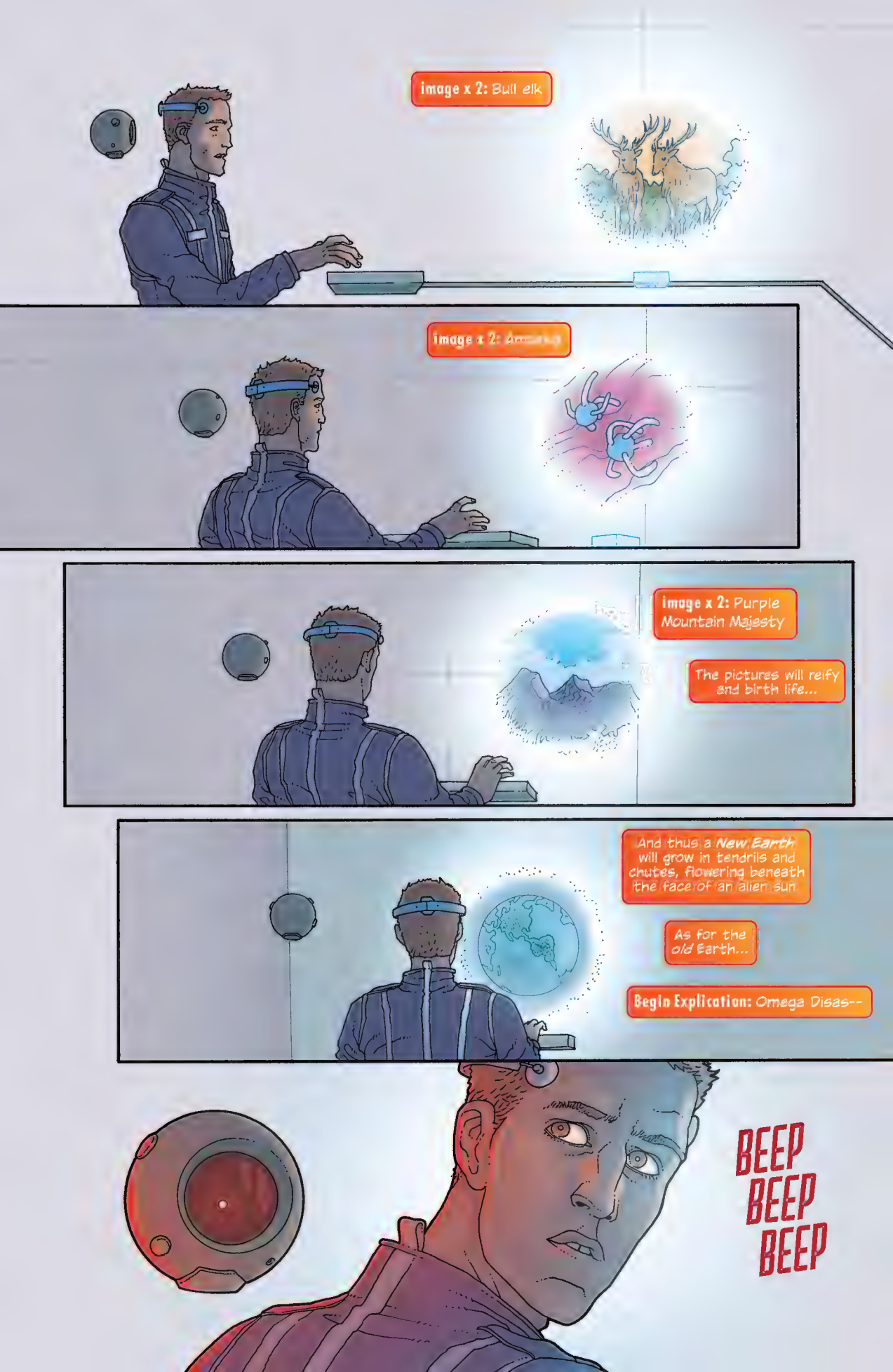


image x 2: Bull elk

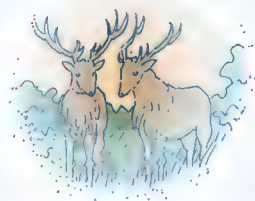


image x 2: Ammonite

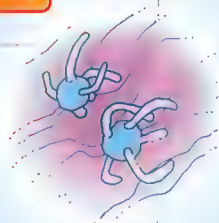
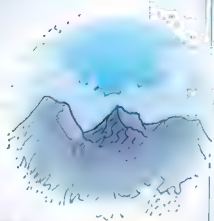


image x 2: Purple Mountain Majesty



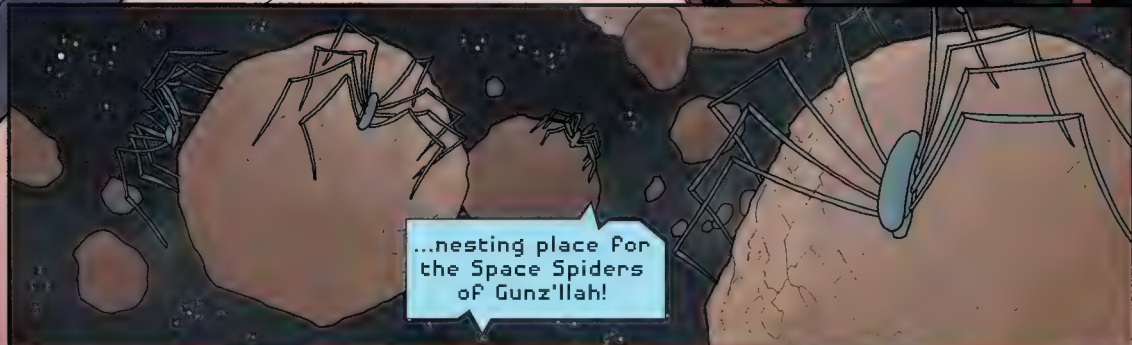
The pictures will reify and birth life...

And thus, a *New Earth* will grow in tendrils and chutes, flowering beneath the face of an alien sun.

As for the old Earth...

Begin Explication: Omega Disas--

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

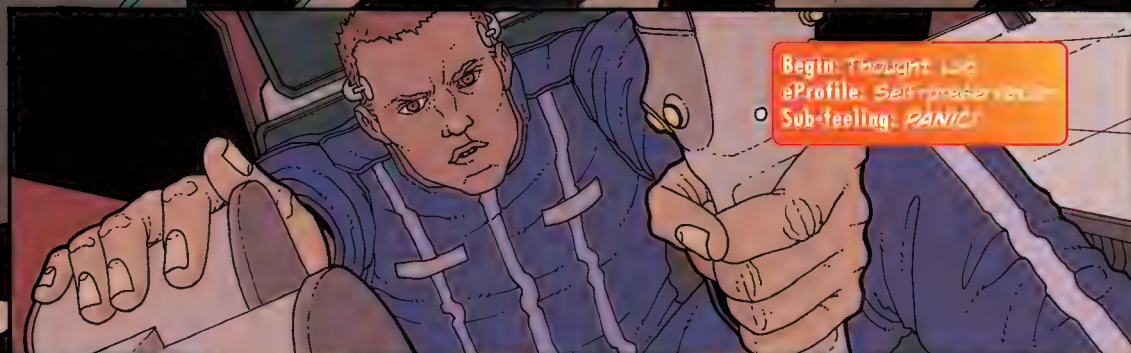




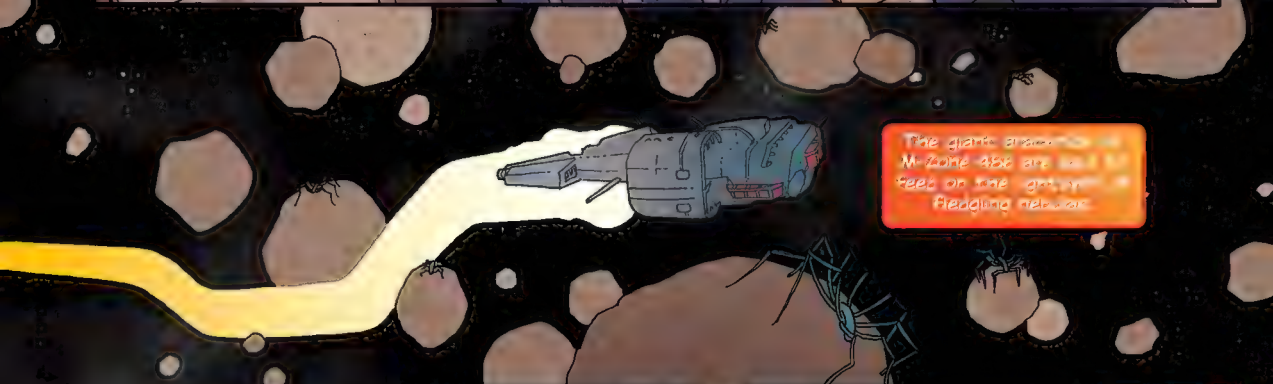
Switch
A.R.C. controls
to manual,
bob!



...it's time
for some evasive
maneuvering.



Begin: Thought: Bob
eProfile: Self-protection
Sub-feeling: PANIC!



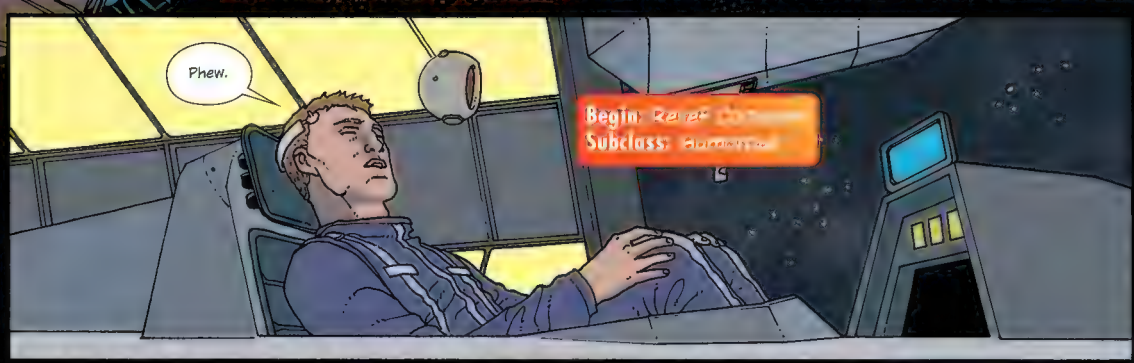
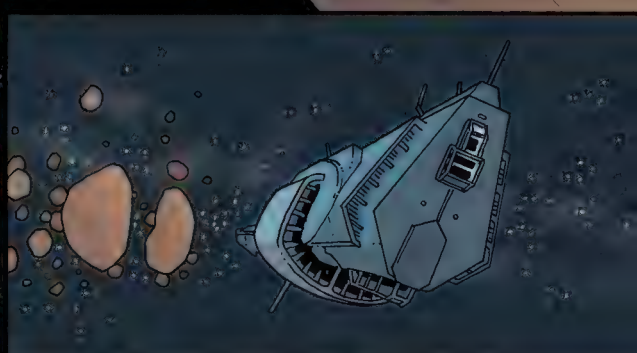
The giant arachnids
M-Zone 456 are used to
feed on the giant
feeding network.

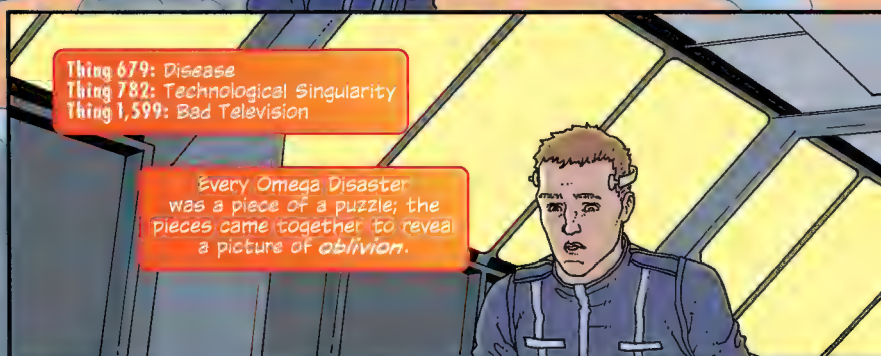
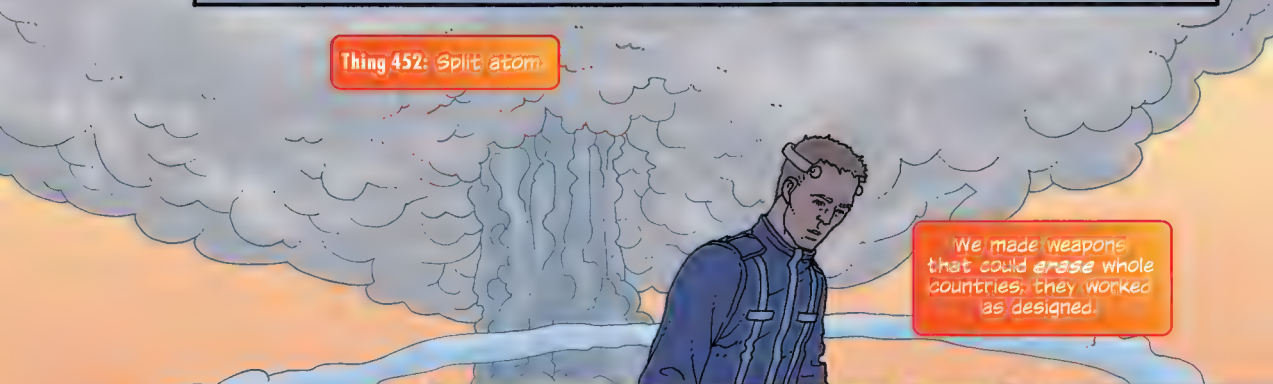


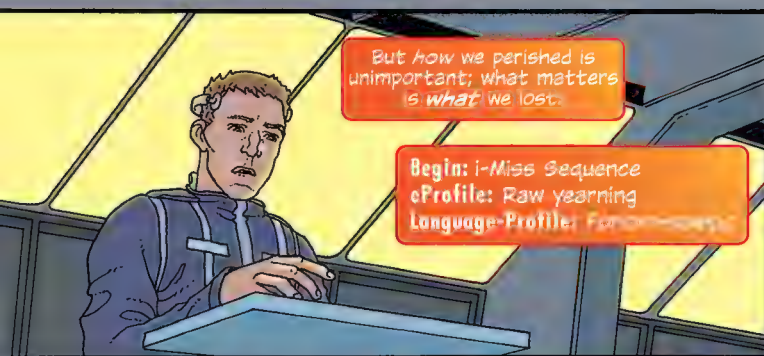
But they seem
to suffer no harm
about deviating
usual ones.



By the way, Mum
toast, Noah.





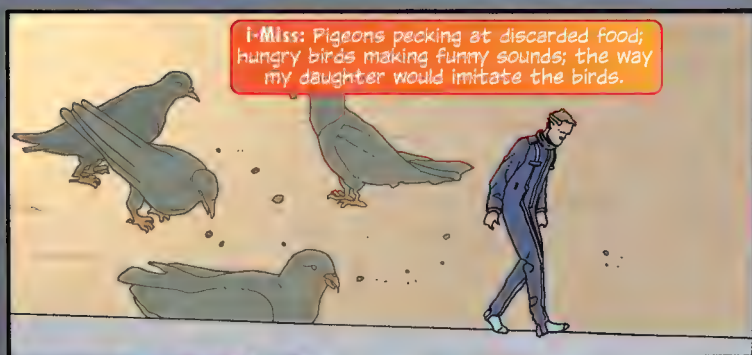


But how we perished is
unimportant; what matters
is *what* we lost.

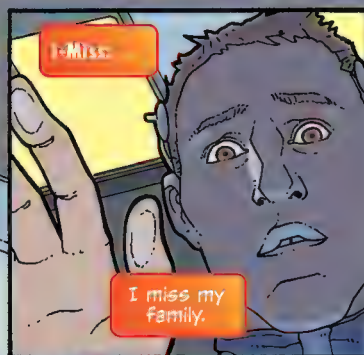
Begin: i-Miss Sequence
eProfile: Raw yearning
Language-Profile: *Foromphoeys*



i-Miss: A sunny
afternoon; the way the
grass would yield to a
body running through it.



i-Miss: Pigeons pecking at discarded food;
hungry birds making funny sounds; the way
my daughter would imitate the birds.



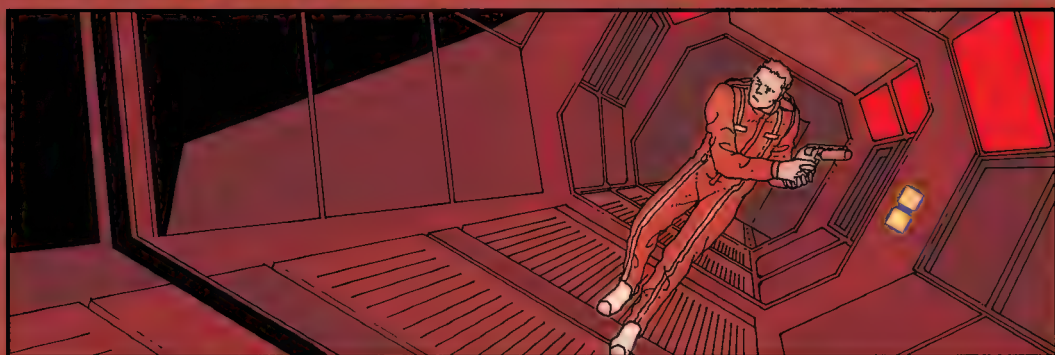
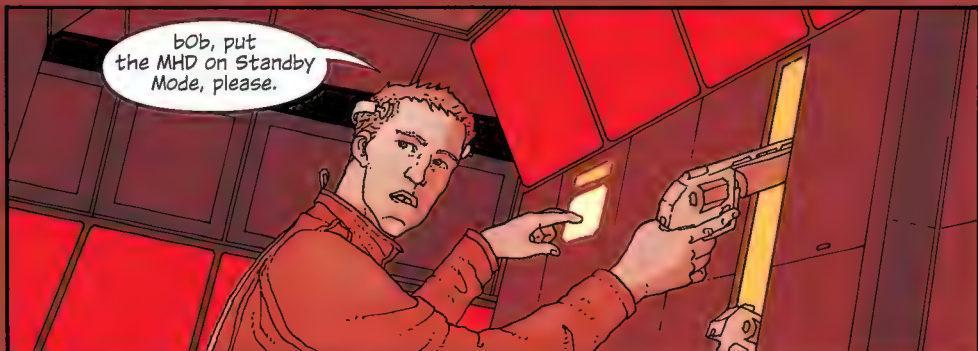
i-Miss:

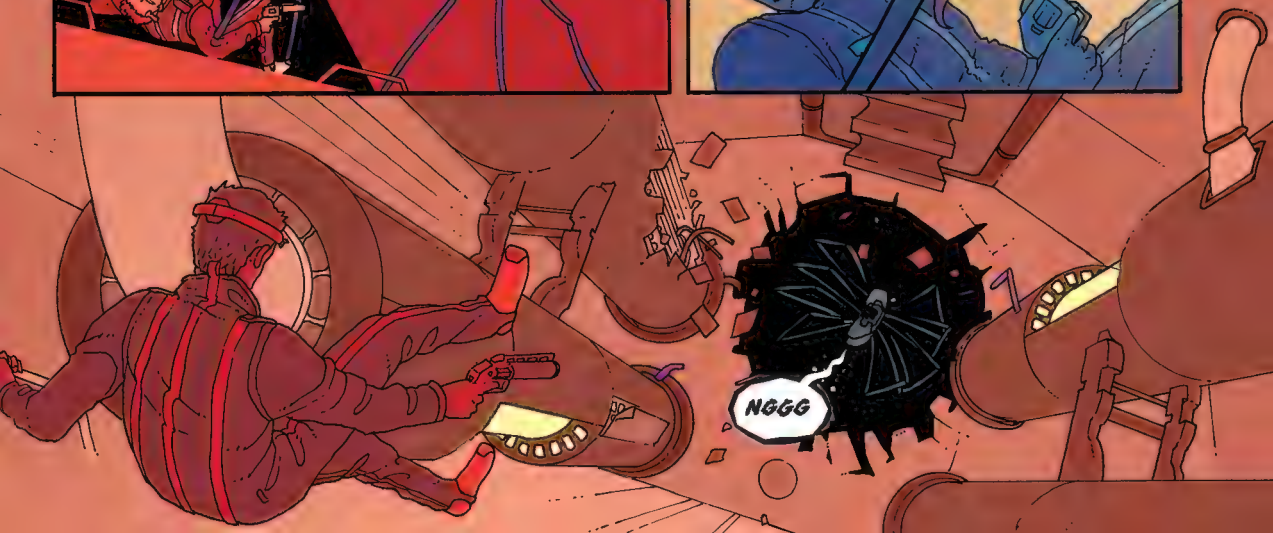
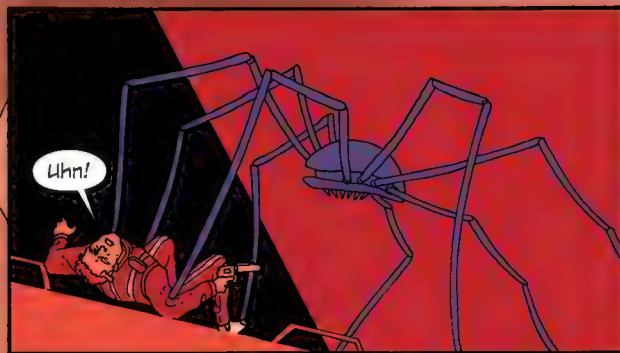
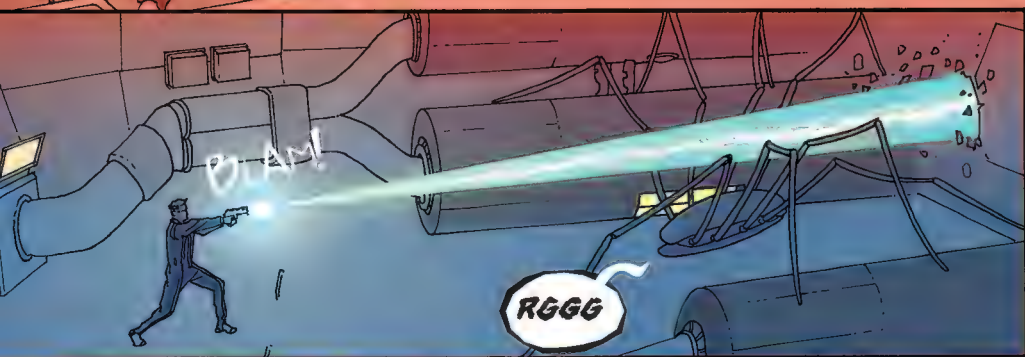
I miss my
family.

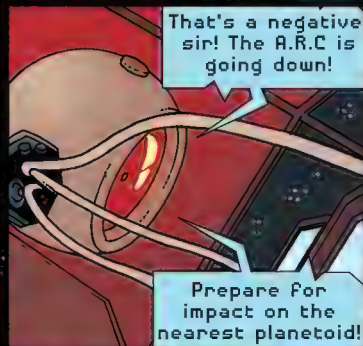
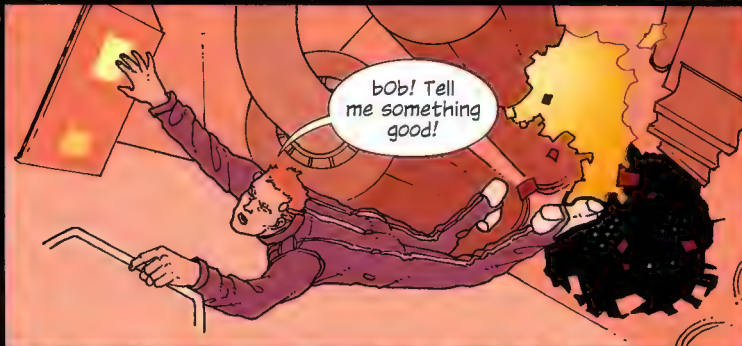


I miss making
love to my wife; how my
daughter would scrunch her
face under bright light; my son
catching a football; my dog's
bad breath.

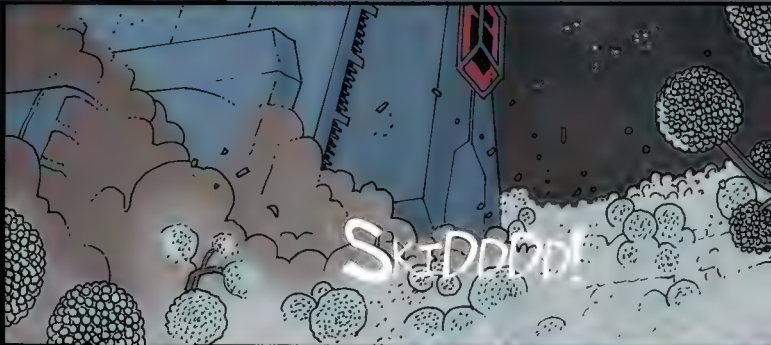
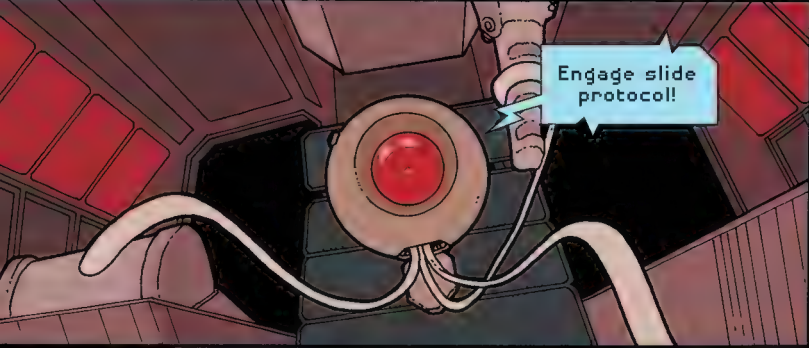
I miss these things...
because they're gone. And
thus I am gone. I--

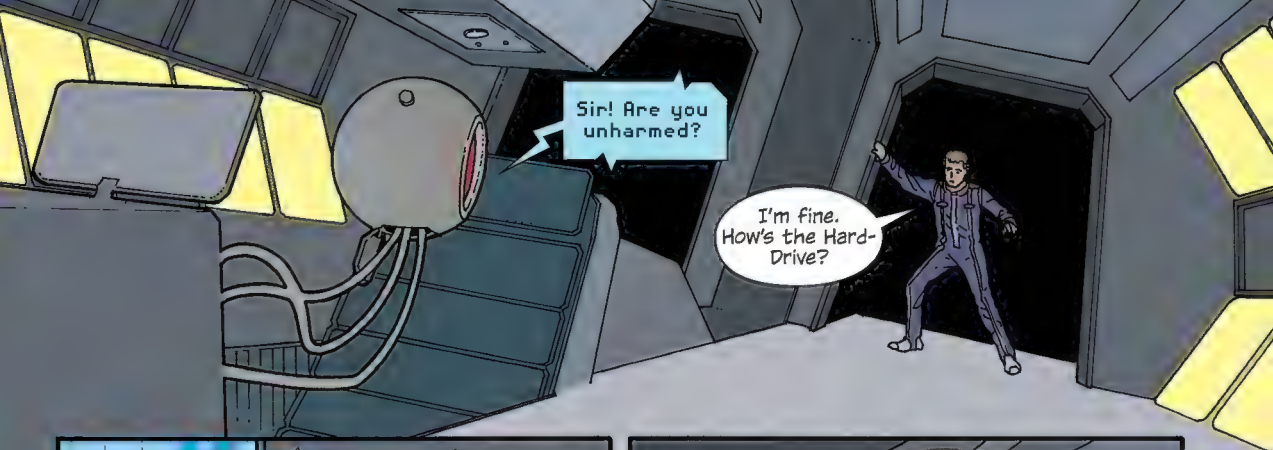






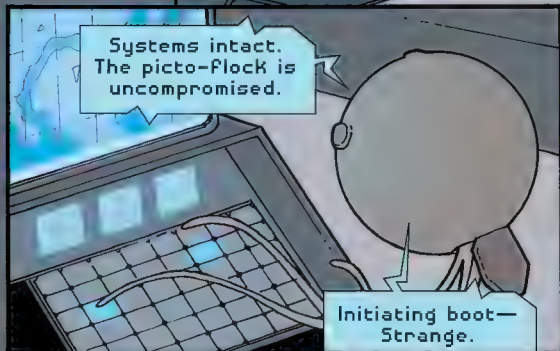






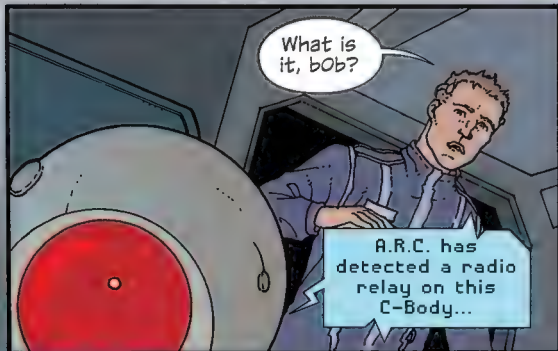
Sir! Are you unharmed?

I'm fine.
How's the Hard-Drive?



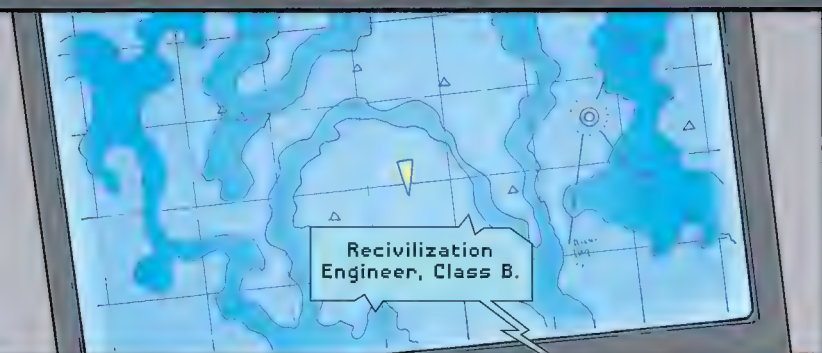
Systems intact.
The picto-flock is
uncompromised.

Initiating boot—
Strange.



What is
it, bob?

A.R.C. has
detected a radio
relay on this
C-Body...



Recivilization
Engineer, Class B.



My god...
There's a *human*
here.



Stay back
and run the ship's
auto-repair
program.

I'm gonna
follow the
signal to its
source.



Another
person. After
all this time.

Recivilization
Pods went out
before Omega, but
they always *lost*
contact.

Sir...



Please do
be careFul.

Documentation for
this C-Body is
extremely limited.
The relay could be--

Don't worry,
bob.



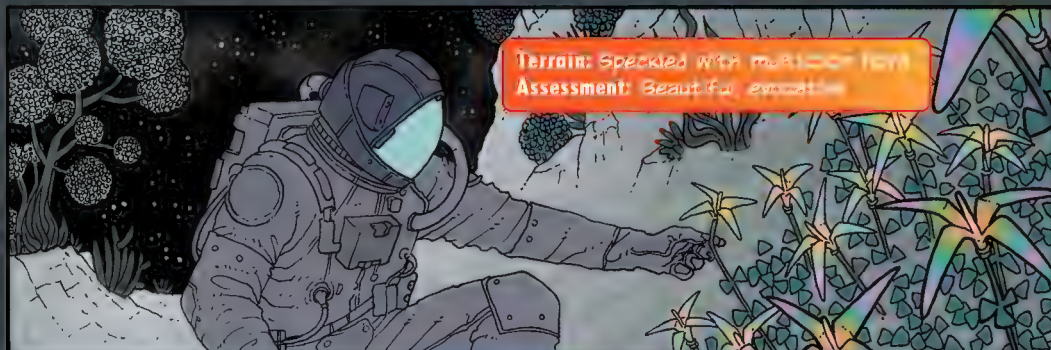
I'll be
running the
Thought Log.

You can
follow along in
my *head*.

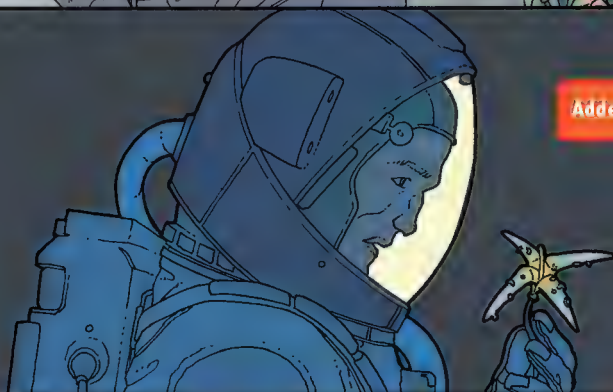


Begin: Exposition: Remember
Class: Terra incognita

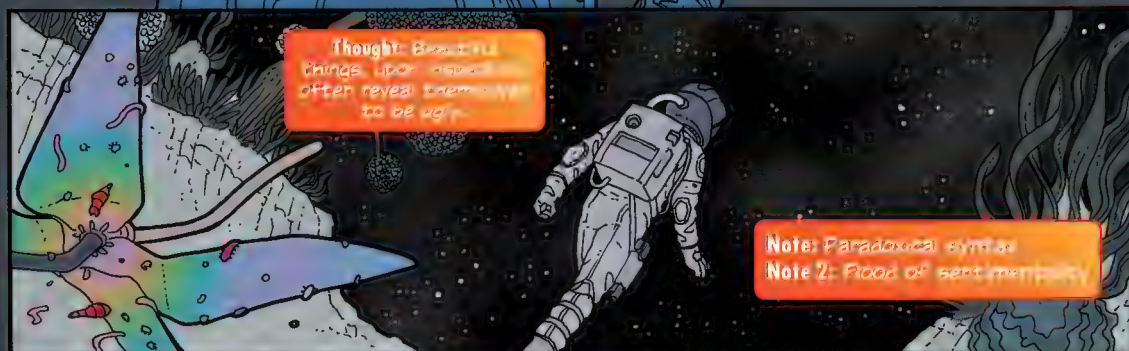
Gravity on this
C-Body seems amazing
Step resistance is
near nil



Terrain: Speckled with moon-like flora
Assessment: Beautiful, exotic

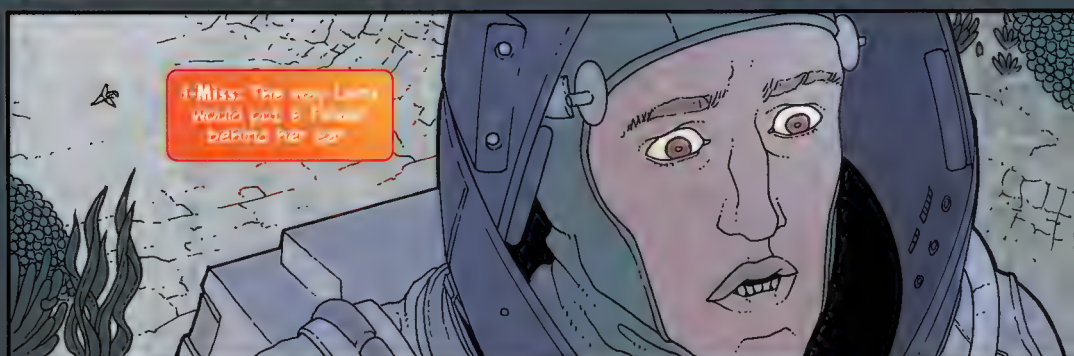


Addendum: *KUKUK*

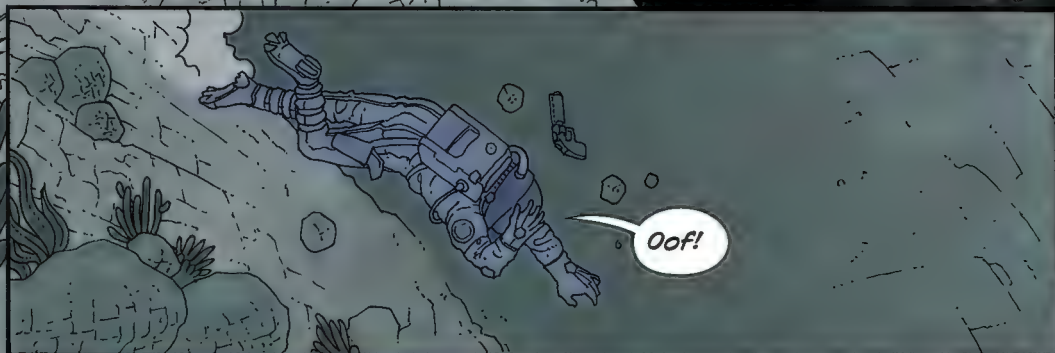
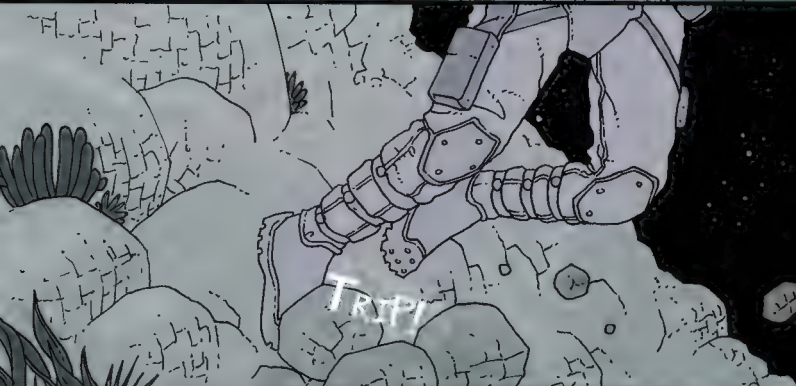


Thought: Beautiful
things upon closer
often reveal themselves
to be ugly

Note: Paradoxical syntax
Note 2: Flood of sentimentality



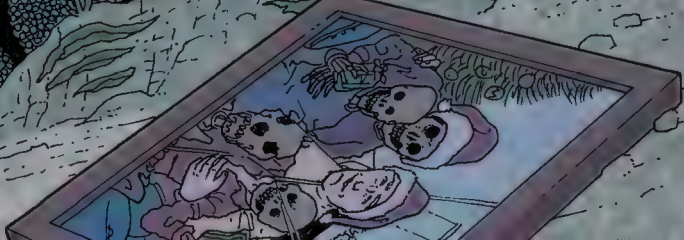
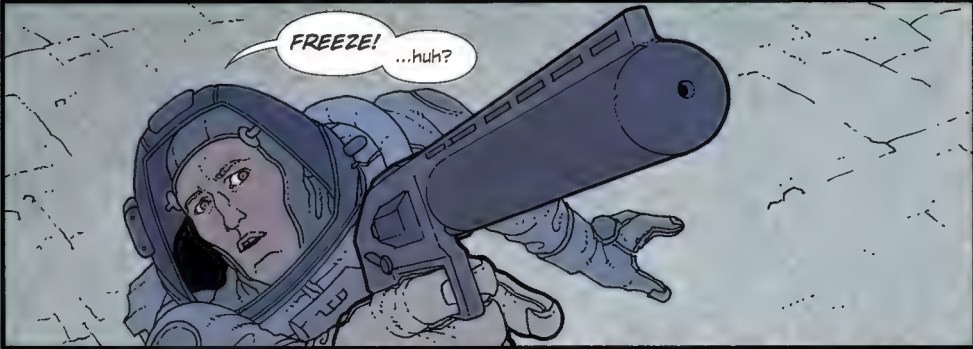
I-Miss: The way Luna
would put a flower
behind her ear



Wrruhlwum!



Begin: Fight or flight response



Signal triangulates
to a cave about 500 yards
from crash site.

eProfile: A little weird
Subclass: Ominous Future

Cave appears
to be a mortuary
for the Gunglis.

Thought: Do gunglis wish a
dream of Heaven?
Class: Philosophical

Getting
close.

DING

Discovery: What
cave exchange

What
exchange

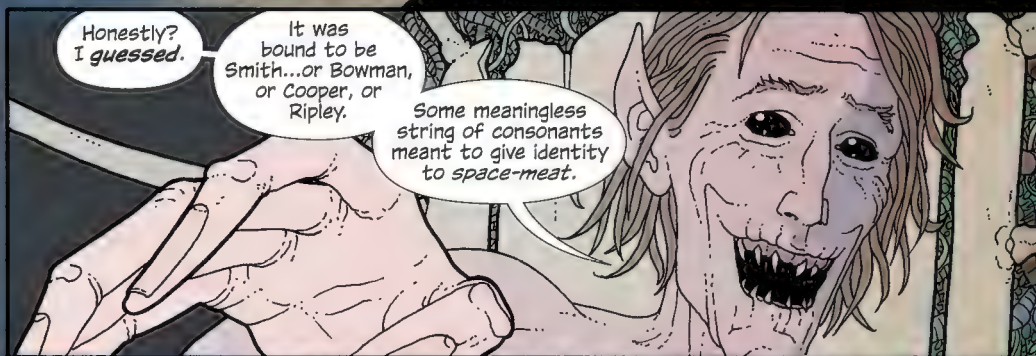
Welcome,
Captain Smith.



You made it to the end of the road.



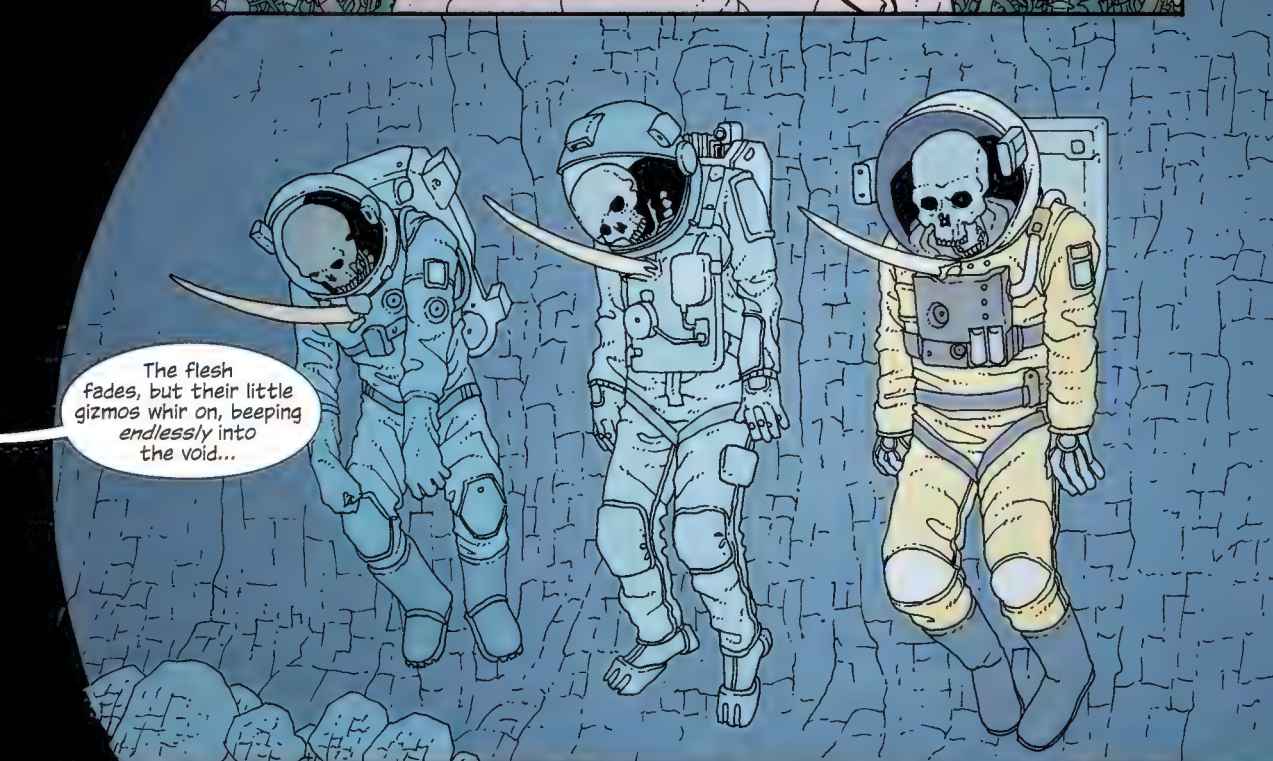
H-how do you know my name?

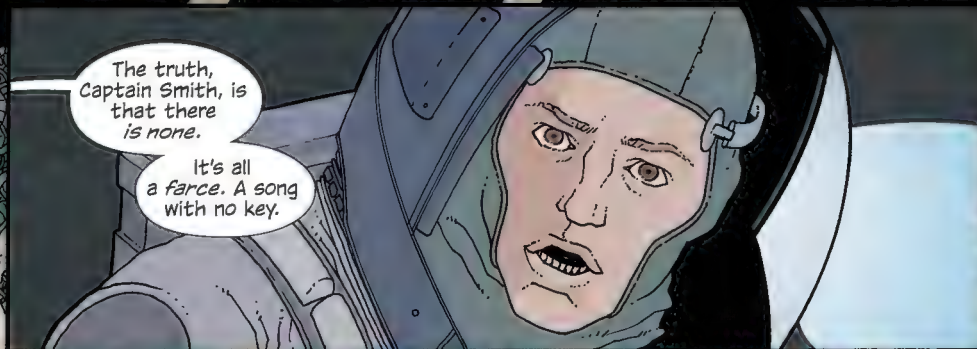


Honestly? I *guessed*.

It was bound to be Smith...or Bowman, or Cooper, or Ripley.

Some meaningless string of consonants meant to give identity to space-meat.





Y-you're wrong!

You're just a...monster floating on a space rock.



Do you know how many people have pointed a gun at me?

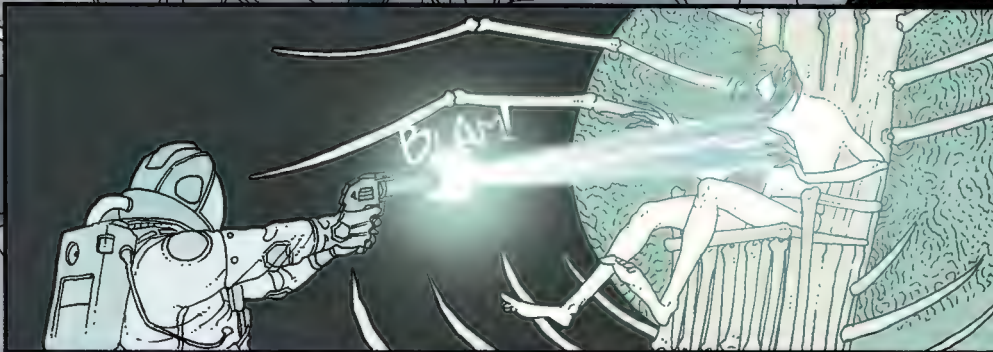
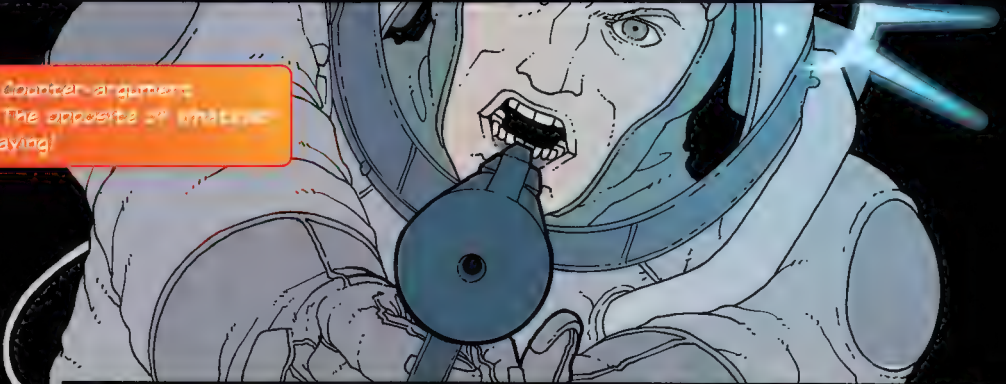
Need I explain again the folly in trying to kill an idea?



I'm a bad thought, Noah.

I'm the voice in your head.

Begin: Counter-argument
Class: The opposite of whatever he's saying!





Little gnats.



Now if you please...

I'll be taking your ship.



But why me?!

These men all had ships!

I don't need a ship...

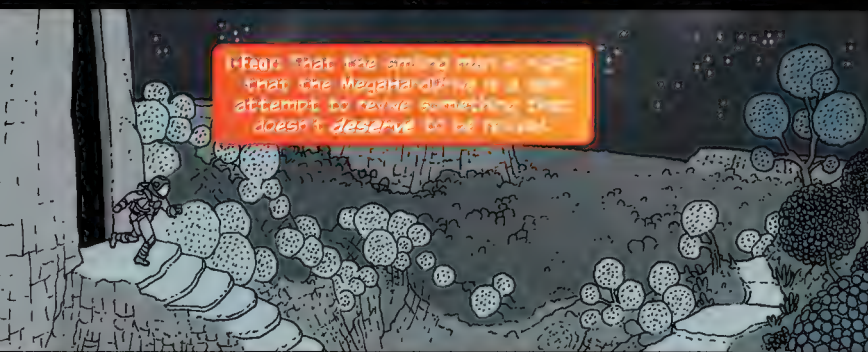
I need a map.



bob.



Begin: Thought Connection
Disable: Connection Time



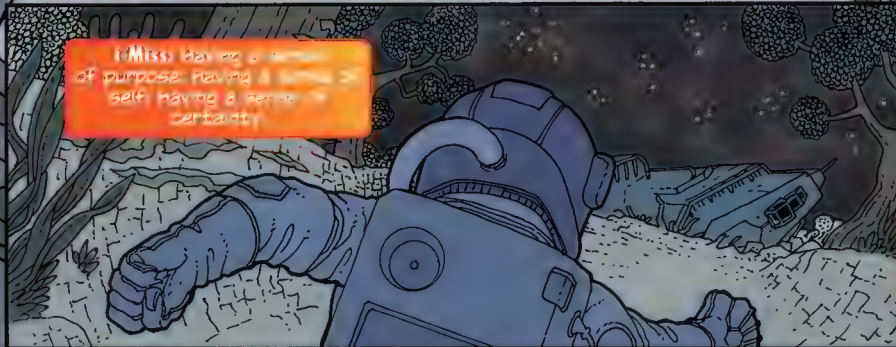
I-Fear that the sm- no man- hope
that the Megahard drive is a
attempt to revive something that
doesn't deserve to be revived.



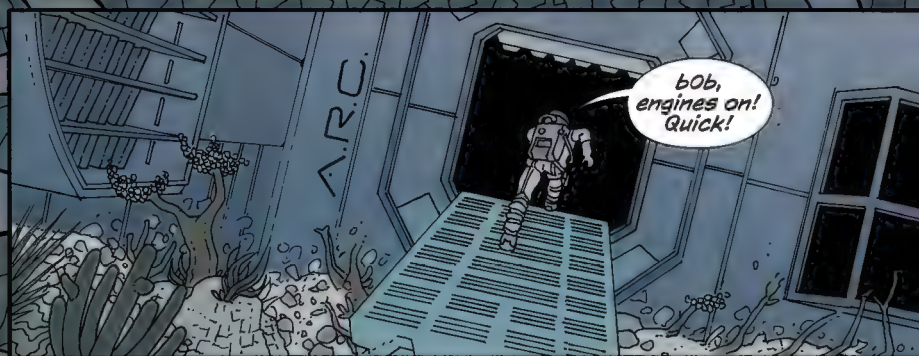
Thought E-evil
is pointless.



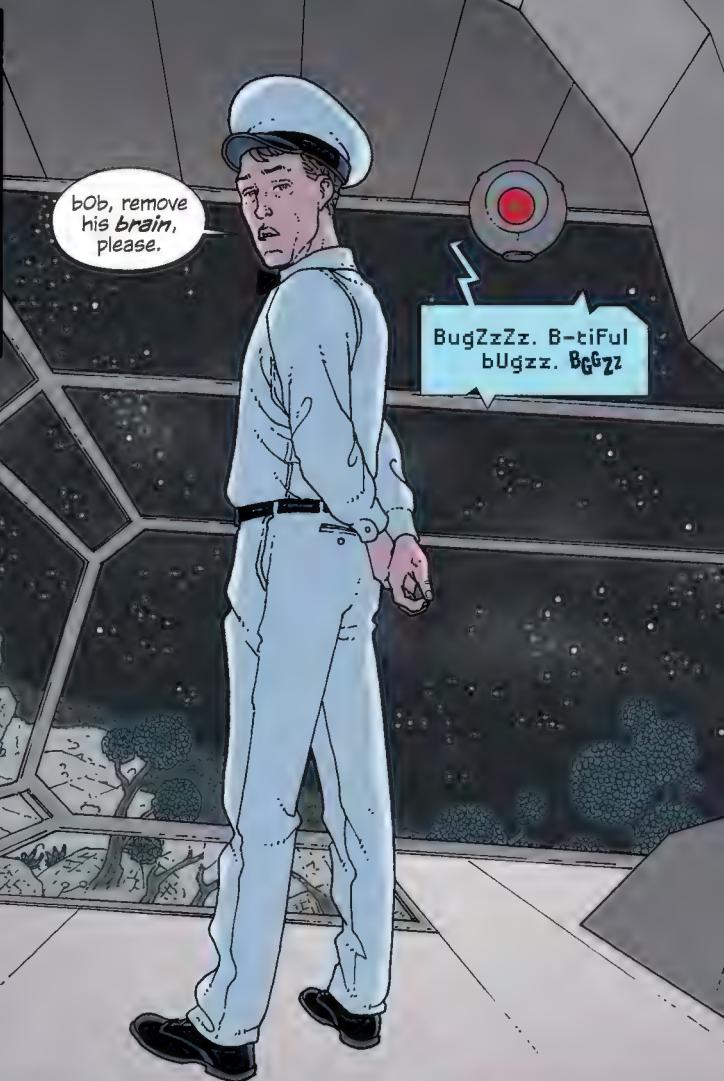
I-Miss. My family,
my friends, my home,
my stuff.

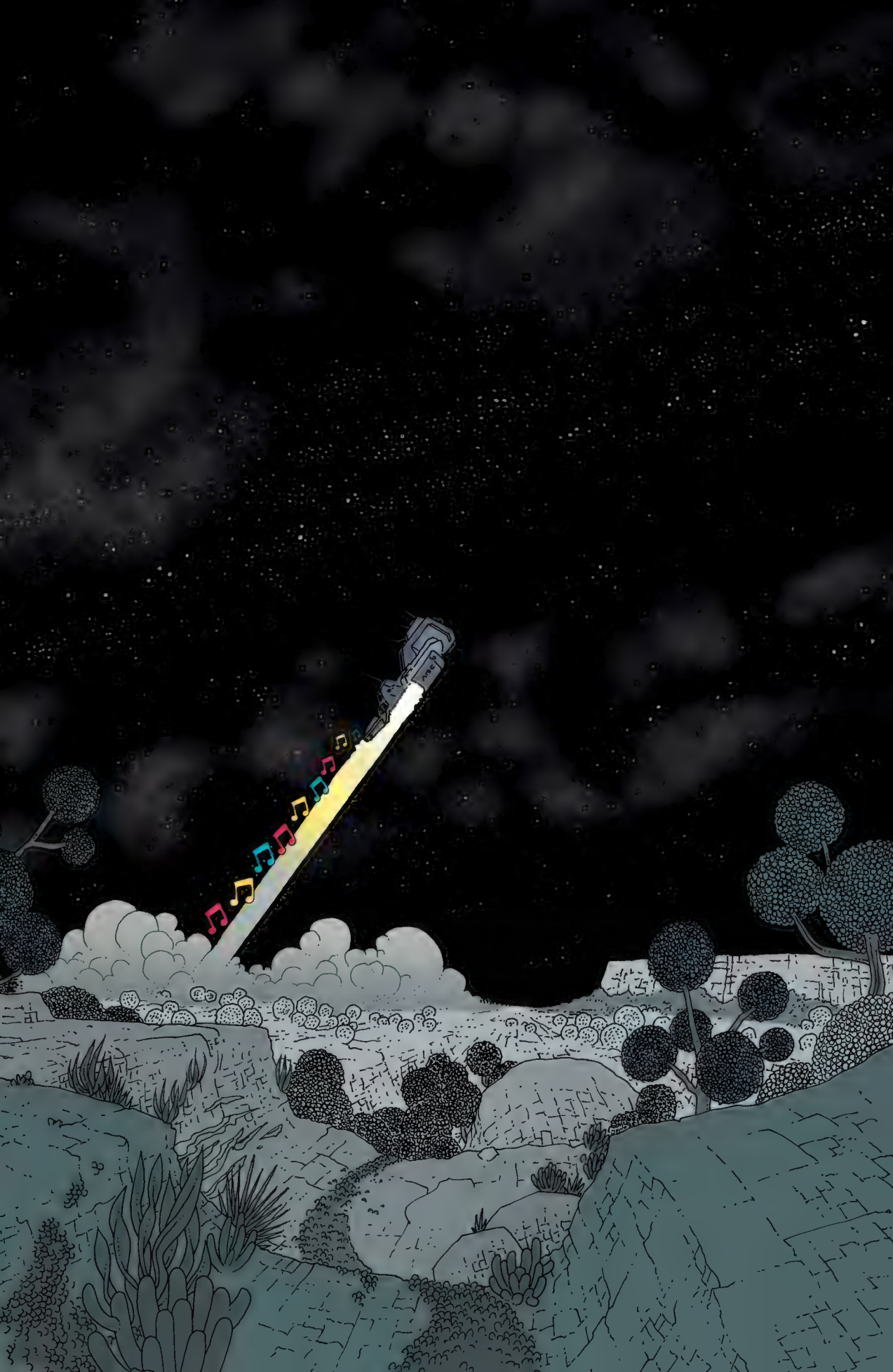


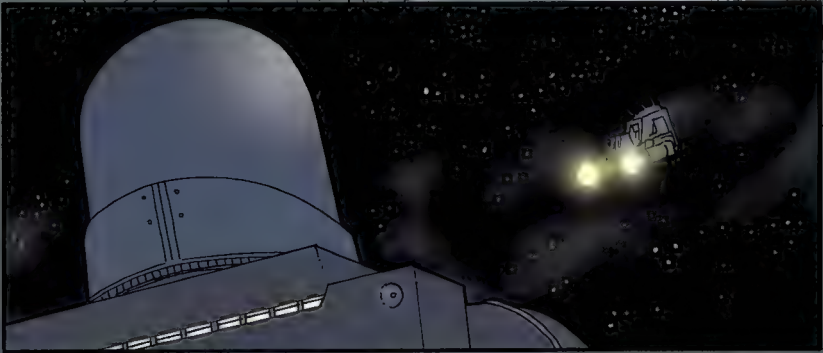
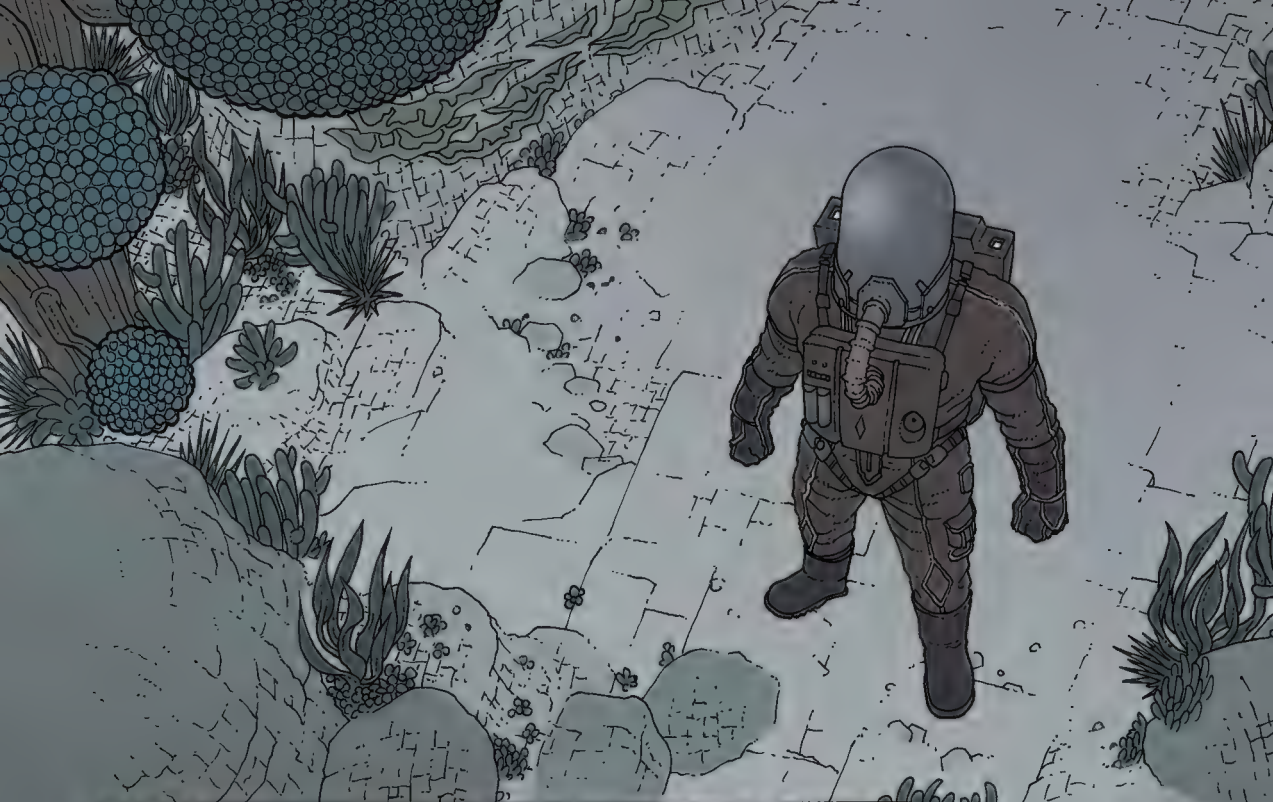
I-Miss. Having a sense
of purpose. Having a sense
self. Having a sense
certainty.



bob,
engines on!
Quick!

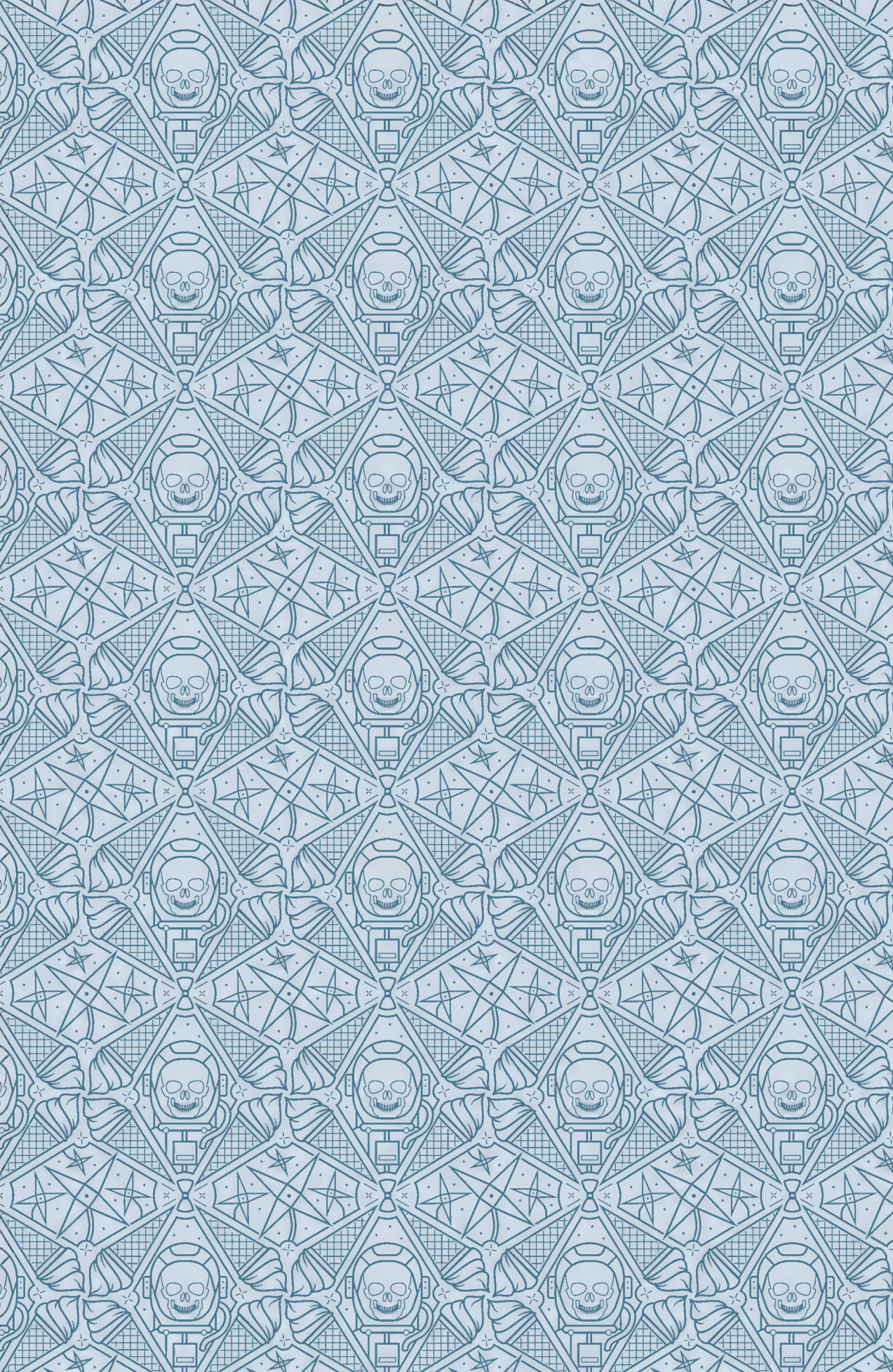




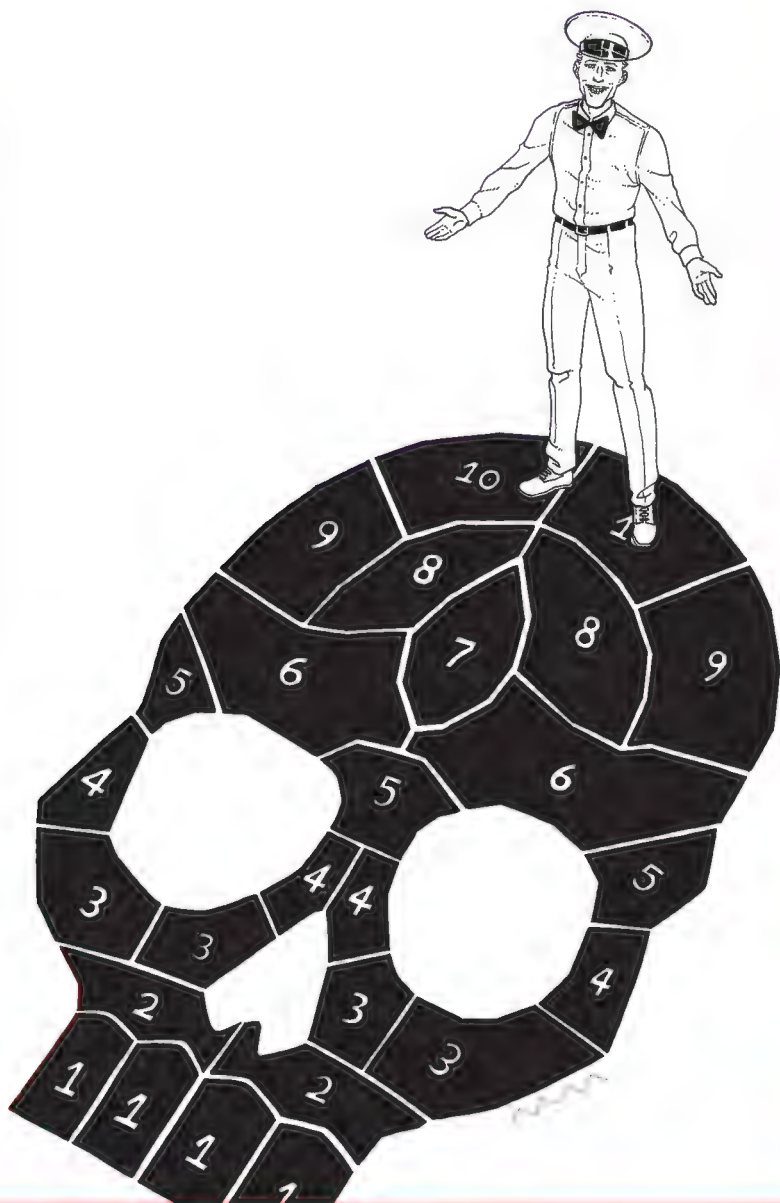




On to
the next one,
Rick.



THE CHERRY ON TOP



What follows are variant covers, sketches, and a translation guide from the third volume of **ICE CREAM MAN**

Everything is one thing...



ISSUE 9 • COVER B
KYLE SMART



JEFF 18

ISSUE 10 COVER B
JUAN FERREYRA



ISSUE 11 • COVER B
BABS TARR

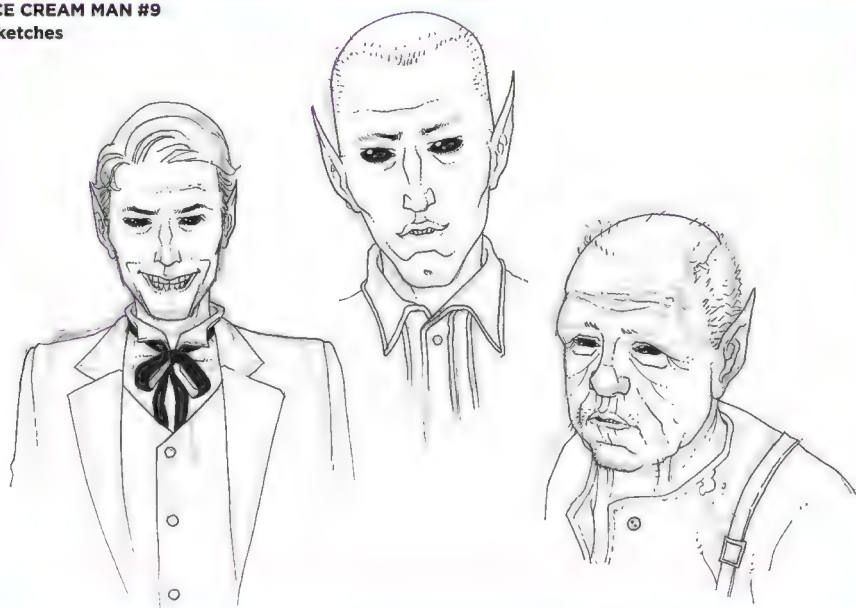


ISSUE 12 • COVER B

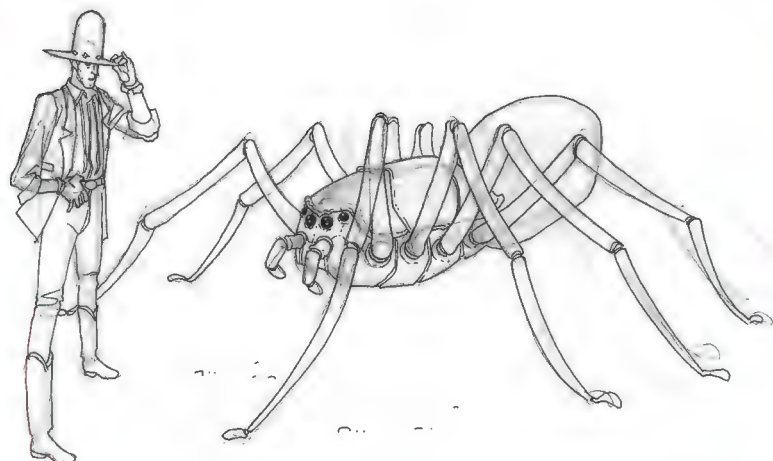
TULA LOTAY

EERIE VISAGES

ICE CREAM MAN #9
Sketches



ICE CREAM MAN #9
Sketches



In what has now become standard operating procedure, Martin provided character sketches with every issue's sequential layouts. Each one teems with a buzzing kind of life—an electricity operating beneath the ink that begs to be pulled out and teased in some direction or another.

CREEPY COUNTENANCES



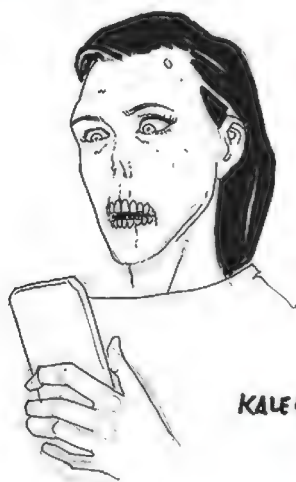
ICE CREAM MAN #11. LAYOUTS - 240119



KORINNE



KERRY

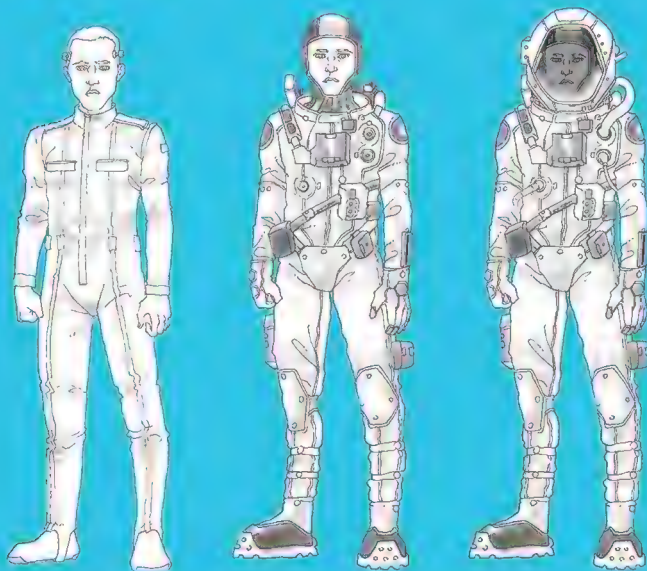


KALEIGH

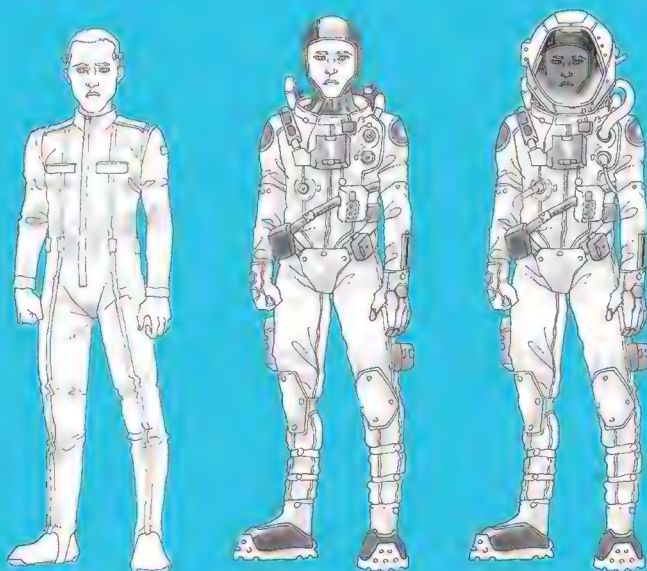
Of special note are his designs for the zombie send-ups of the three main Kardashian sisters—they're so alive, and yet also so dead.

GOING LUNAR

ICE CREAM MAN #12
NOAH SMITH



ICE CREAM MAN #12
NOAH SMITH



Wowza.

EL VENDEDOR DE HELADOS

Herewith the English script for the first pages of Chapter 10, "Border Story," before it was translated to Spanish by our pal Sam Stone. (*Gracias, Sam!*)

ICE CREAM MAN

Issue 10 • English Pre-Translation

PAGE ONE

NARRATION: There are people who would tell you that it is bad luck to celebrate a girl's quinceañera on The Day of the Dead.

Tía: Hold still, María!

PAGE TWO

Panel 1

NARRATION: "It is a poisonous mixture," they'd say. Like vinegar and bleach.

Tía: Or do you want the pins pressed into your flesh?

Panel 2

NARRATION: But there are others—many others—who would disagree.

NARRATION: Those people would say: "To join the dead with the living is a blessing, a marriage, a balancing of the world."

Tía : There.

Panel 3

NARRATION: Poison? Marriage? These are just words.

Tía: Now you are ready for your groom.

Panel 4

NARRATION: The truth has no patience for words.

Tía: Now you are ready for the General.

Panel 5

General (offscreen): You are a stunning vision, my bride to be.

PAGE THREE

Panel 1

General: Come, let the General see you in your quinceañera dress.

Panel 2

Tia 1: General, you grace us with your presence.

Tia 2: God protect the hero of the Revolution!

Panel 3

General: Why so shy, little flower?

General: Can you not look into the eyes of your betrothed?

PAGE FOUR

Panel 1

General: Ah, there, that's better.

General: I can see the music in your skull. Little shapes of blue, red, and yellow.

General: You will make a lovely trophy.

Panel 2

General: Your fifteenth birthday and the Day of the Dead...

General: We celebrate your life while we mourn those that have passed.

Panel 3

General: Life is full of these funny juxtapositions.

Panel 4

General: Enjoy these last few days, little one.

General: Celebrations will be scarce once we're wed.

Panel 5

General (offscreen): Adios.

NARRATION: Yes, the truth has no patience for words.

PAGE FIVE

Panel 1

NARRATION: But what about love?

NARRATION: Saint Paul said to the Corinthians:

Panel 2

NARRATION: "Love is patient. Love is kind."

Panel 3

NARRATION: But the apostle omitted certain facts...

NARRATION: Love is also a border. Love is a crossing.

Panel 4

NARRATION: Love is the bridging of a great void!

Panel 5

NARRATION: ...but few survive the journey

John: One rose, please.

PAGE SIX

Panel 1

Woman: Rose, the name of my mother.

Panel 2

Woman: She loved sweet things, and so we put ice cream on the ofrenda.

Panel 3

John: God bless her soul, ma'am.

Panel 4

Woman: God save yours, cowboy.

Panel 5

NO TEXT

PAGE SEVEN

Panel 1

NO TEXT

Panel 2

John: María!

Maria: Juan! My love!

Panel 3

John: Happy birthday, my little skeleton.

Maria: You have a wicked tongue.

(the rest of the page/issue proceeds in English, more or less.)

PAGE EIGHT

Panel 5

John: ..., forever in love.

PAGE NINE

Panel 5

Tia: Foolish girl...

PAGE ELEVEN

Panel 5

NARRATION: Love does not respect law, nor obeys king. *(this is a Spanish saying)*

PAGE TWENTY

Panel 3

General: Without meaning.

Panel 4

General: You are all food for the bugs.

Panel 5

Maria: Oh, my heart.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

Panel 5

**I am a man: little do I last
and the night is enormous.**

**But I look up:
the stars write.**

**Unknowing I understand:
I too am written,
and at this very moment
someone spells me out.**

(This is the Poetry Society's translation of my favorite Octavio Paz poem)

Thanks for reading. And remember:

In "**lightning**," there's **light**.



Ice Cream Man continues with four more strange and sad stories—a wild Western, a bilingual love story, a tale of televised terror, and a parabolic space adventure—that reveal ever more about the mischievous Ice Cream Man and the dark cowboy, Caleb.

This third volume collects issues 9-12 of the critically acclaimed series from Eisner-nominated writer **W. Maxwell Prince** (*ONE WEEK IN THE LIBRARY*, *The Electric Sublime*), artist **Martín Morazzo** (*She Could Fly*, *The Electric Sublime*), and colorist **Chris O'Halloran** (*Lockjaw*, *The Punisher*) in a neat and sickly sweet package.

"Prince's work ups the ante from his earlier efforts with a precisely crafted page-turner, sporting crisp line work by Morazzo and the dreamlike colors of O'Halloran. This is a perfectly bitter confection for those with a taste for short-form shockers."

—*Publishers Weekly*

"Easily one of the most unsettling comics on stands today...you'll never look at your double-scoop the same way again."

—*Vulture*

"...the interplay between Prince's sparsely written but terrifying stories and Morazzo's evocative art will have you questioning everything."

—*Amazon Book Review*

"This series is an achievement in design and imagination, and it is incredibly good."

—*The Oregonian*

"I've literally never read anything like this 'genre-defying' sorta-anthology thing, but it's f*cking awesome. The writing is strange and deeply unsettling, and the artwork is gorgeous. The new comic I most look forward to reading each month."

—**Brian K. Vaughan**
(SAGA, PAPERGIRLS)



Horror
Rated M / Mature

Collects ICE CREAM MAN 9-12

